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ZEPPELIN POSTER

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CHARLTON
PUBLICATION

PAUL & LINDA:
EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW
WITH ROCK'S MOST
SUCCESSFUL COUPLE

DAVID BOWIE
TRYING TO SORT OUT
HIS CONFUSED IMAGE

RANDY BACHMAN
HE SAYS BTO'S LAST HIT
WAS AN ACCIDENT....

WAYNE COUNTY SAYS
THE KINKS & THE PRETTY THINGS
WERE BEHIND IT ALL

A FEW THINGS
ABOUT THE BEACH BOYS

WORDS TO THE LATEST HIT SONGS!



HAILED BY MANY AS...

MIRACLE HEALING FOODS for the Relief of Signs of Illness!

Yes, Dear Friend:

Did you know that—right now—there is an ordinary vegetable, stored and forgotten in most kitchens, that is said to relieve many of the diseases of aging? According to one authority...

In the forests of Siberia, where it grows wild... the aged... the paralyzed... the sick... come on pilgrimages to eat of this wild vegetable and are relieved of their ills—rejuvenated and healed! He adds...

In Russia and Poland, among those who eat it, cancer is unknown and life averages over a century! Yet this amazing substance is available everywhere—for pennies!

MIRACLE HEALING FOODS REVEALED

You'll discover this food, and how to use it, on page 107 of an amazing book by Dr. Joseph M. Kadans—a *breakthrough book* that shows how certain common foods—called miracle healing foods by one authority—when used in a special way, can actually strike back at certain illnesses!

You'll find out how certain fruits, nuts, vegetables and seeds are said to:

Relieve painful backache, stiff, aching muscles and joints!

Ward off influenza, asthma, bronchitis, infections; protect you from colds, coughs, and respiratory ailments!

Relieve gas, ulcers, colitis; helps restore regularity!

Help heal stomach and liver disorders; help relieve kidney, bladder, and gall bladder problems; strengthen the heart!

Relieve such problems as baldness, boils, dandruff, eczema, pimples, and more!

Help relieve headaches, high blood pressure; help improve circulation; relieve hemorrhoids; wash away fatigue!

Help melt away extra pounds—and much more!

120-YEAR-OLD MAN CLAIMS: SIGHT AND HEARING RESTORED!

On page 132 of Dr. Kadans' book, you'll discover a certain vegetable oil that's as close to being an all-purpose "miracle" remedy as you can imagine! According to one of the many researchers I quote from sources other than this book...

This vegetable oil was used for EIGHT DECADES by a man who—at 40—suffered from illness that impaired his vision and hearing. He says, "My eyes were very painful... a film gathered over them. My hearing... quite dull and growing worse." Then he heard about this oil.

Immediately he applied it to his eyes and eyelids. The improvement was so pronounced that: "I used the oil freely about the ears externally, and put drops of oil into the ears... In a very short time my sight and hearing were entirely restored!"

OVERCOMES STIFFNESS IN SPINE, HIPS, SHOULDERS, AND KNEES! When he was in his sixties, this man's knees refused to bend and his backbone was so stiff that he cried out in pain. He now applied the same oil with a vigorous rub to his spine, hips, shoulders, knees, elbows, and other stiff areas. Apparently it worked so well that by age 108 he was riding a bicycle, dancing, and walking 20 miles a day!

THE VEGETABLE OIL THAT RELIEVED GALL BLADDER TROUBLES!

According to Dr. Kadans, on page 132 of his book, this oil stimulates contractions of the gall bladder and is valuable for many gall-bladder ailments.

In the October-December, 1962 issue of *Minerva Dietologica*, another doctor also reports that this oil is a valuable preventive against gallstones, greatly favoring complete emptying of the gall bladder. These findings were confirmed by an International News Service release. And back in 1893, a doctor reported that a gallstone lost 68% of its weight in two days when immersed in this pure vegetable oil.

ULCERS HEALED! In a medical-health publication, a doctor reports that he treats his ulcer patients with this same oil. After this treatment, a

"And God said, Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of the earth, and every tree, in which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat." (Genesis 1:29)

friend is now able to eat the hottest Mexican spices!

BURSITIS HEALED! A woman suffering from painful bursitis in the shoulder decided to try this oil. Before long, she was able to raise her arm above her head, and has had no further attacks of bursitis since!

HELP FOR HEART AND ARTERIES!

Results of a scientific study, says another expert, indicate that this oil may be an important factor in the very low rate of heart and artery disease among middle-aged men in Greece! Out of ONE THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED FIFTEEN men examined, only four cases of heart or artery disease were found in six years! This oil is an important part of the Grecian diet. According to studies made in France, it seems to reduce cholesterol by as much as 26%.

LIVER PROBLEMS HEALED! On page 100, Dr. Kadans tells you how to use a certain common green plant, recommended for cleansing the liver and spleen. Says another authority: "Hepatitis, or inflammation of the liver, and jaundice, when uncomplicated, readily yield to it." Around 75 years ago, one doctor claimed that the root of this vegetable relieved liver trouble that had afflicted him for 15 years!

NO PILLS OR DRUGS... NO EXPENSIVE EQUIPMENT NEEDED! UNIQUE FEATURE GIVES INSTANT REFERENCE TO REMEDIES FOR OVER 130 COMMON AND UNCOMMON COMPLAINTS!

The outstandingly unique feature of Dr. Kadans' book is the alphabetic SYMPTOM-MATIC LOCATOR INDEX. Just look up the symptom for almost any ailment, disease or part of the body imaginable... and presto! You flip to the page that gives the remedy recommended!

For example, if you have stomach cramps, just run your finger down the INDEX till you come to **STOMACH CRAMPS, HELP FOR...** and you will find the exact fruit, nut, or vegetable recommended—plus the page number that gives details!

Running down the list, we find:

A common fruit, which Dr. Kadans shows you how to use on page 136, that—according to one researcher—helps protect against indigestion... gas... heartburn... sour stomach. Modern research shows that this fruit contains a powerful enzyme that cleanses the system! One doctor tells how he treated painful hemorrhoids with this enzyme, and in three days a 52-year-old woman's improvement was regarded complete; she needed no surgery! With another user, gas pains disappeared like magic!

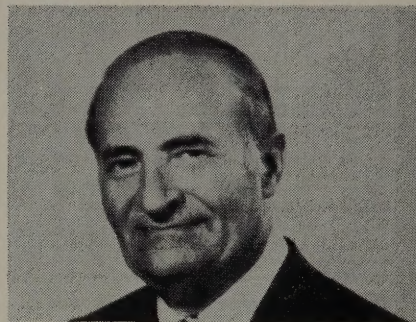
A common nut, page 175, which Dr. Kadans reports is good for constipation, having a definite laxative effect.

KIDNEY AND BLADDER RELIEF

On page 136, Dr. Kadans shows how a common, pleasant-tasting vegetable, often used merely as food decoration, may be used for a wide variety of illnesses but more particularly for dissolving gravel, bladder, and kidney stones.

PROSTATE AND DIABETES

One popular English authority reports some spectacular uses of this same common vegetable. A gentleman in his sixties was unable to pass water. He was suffering from prostate trouble—but because he had diabetes, they couldn't operate. Advised to try a tea made of this same



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

JOSEPH M. KADANS, Ph.D., has devoted his life to studying the use of natural food medicines. He has done extensive research on their amazing qualities and has shared his findings with thousands in his writings and lectures. Recognizing his genius, the U.S. Government assigned young Kadans, at the age of 20, to edit a health and safety magazine that reached 50,000 employees. He is an alumnus of 10 colleges and universities, and has served on four university faculties. Dr. Kadans is the founder and president of Bernadean University, and is the author of "Modern Encyclopedia of Herbs."

vegetable, he reported he soon could urinate freely and it was found that all traces of sugar had vanished from his urine!

RHEUMATISM AND ARTHRITIS

This same English authority refers to an elderly man who could barely hobble with the aid of two canes. When he drank the vegetable tea, he became well enough to discard the canes! This same humble plant has been hailed as a miracle healer because of its ability to relax stiff fingers and gnarled joints, according to another writer. He tells how a dressmaker's fingers became stiff and unmanageable. Medication was of no avail. But after drinking the vegetable tea daily, her fingers became youthfully nimble again!

AND YOURS TO PROVE—FOR 30 DAYS— ENTIRELY AT OUR RISK!

All you need to know is right here in this book. Read about these amazing natural medicines. Each one is a fruit, nut, vegetable or seed that can help in a different way. So get started NOW and look forward to a long, rewarding life, full of healthful living!

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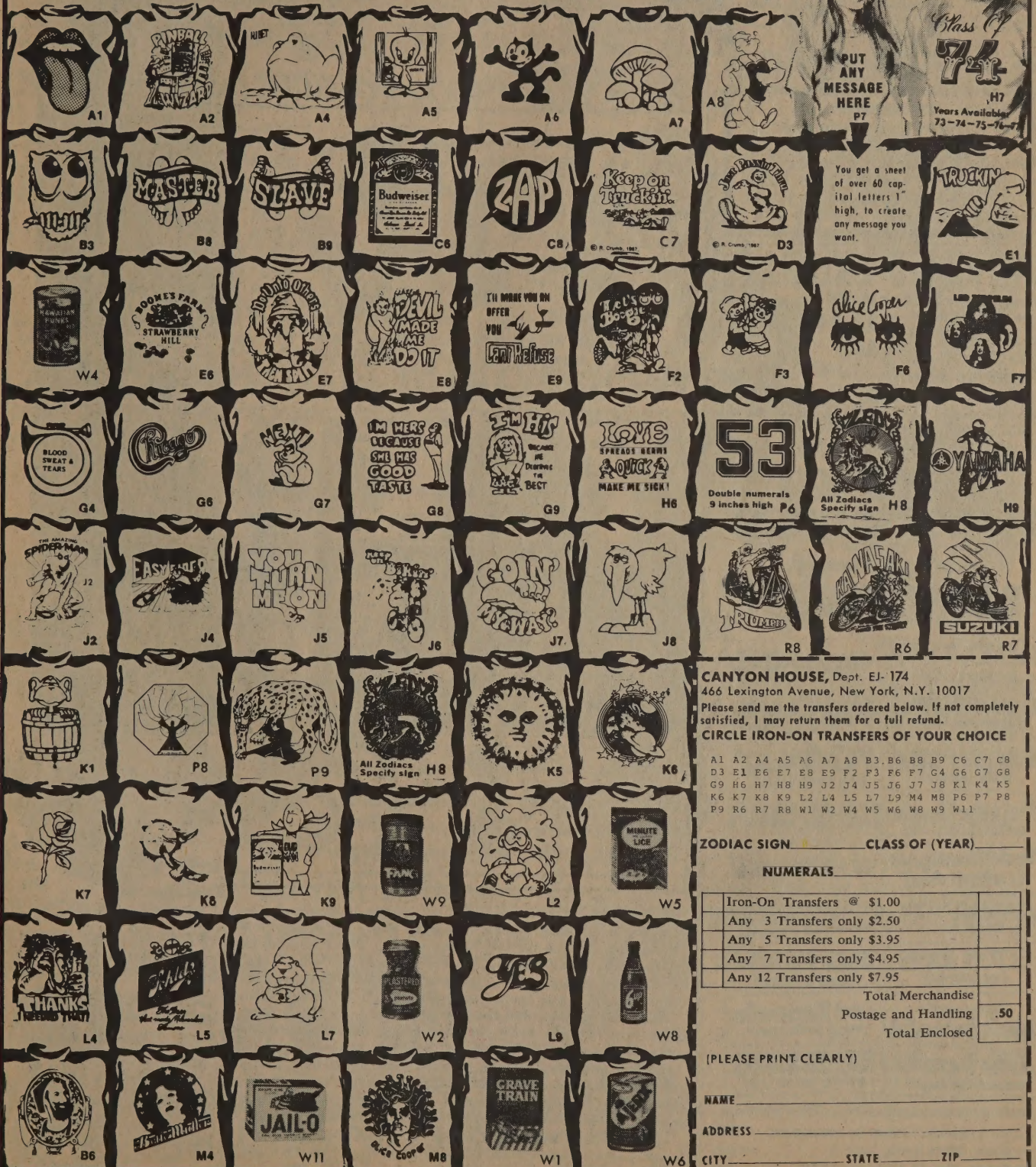
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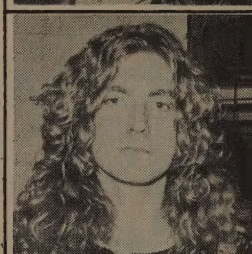
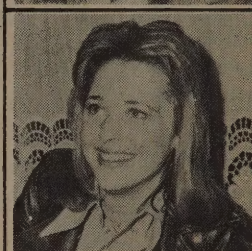
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Member



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WE READ YOUR MAIL



Dear Editor,

I'm writing in regard to Bad Company, which is the most fantastic group I've ever heard. I have the album, and hope there's many more to come; also I'd like to hear (& see) more about them in Hit Parader. I think a lot of other people would, too.

Suzanne Jacobs
Hopewell Jct, N.Y.

P.S. I think Paul Rodgers is fantastic, and is he married?

Yes, Paul is married and he and his wife Machi are the parents of a 4 year old boy named Steven. (Ed.)

Dear Editor,

Something has been bugging me and my friends ever since we first saw a picture of Mott the Hoople. We noted a striking resemblance between Mick Ralphs and Averend Watts. Are they related in any way?

Thanks.
K.K., A.R., P.K.

*Dear K.K., A.R. & P.K.
No way. (Ed.)*

Dear Editor,

The reason I'm writing this letter is to call to attention something I have yet to see in print. A week ago I was sorting through some old magazines and I came across a picture of Alice Cooper. I casually lay it on my desk. Crazy as this may seem I lay it next to a picture of Paul Rodgers. With the two pictures side by side, I noticed the strong resemblance of the two. I've often read of kids having boyfriends or girlfriends that look like rock stars, but this is the first time I've come across two rock stars that look alike. I think they are both great guys.

Sincerely,
Joe
Nokomis Sask, Canada

Dear Hit Parader,

I was shocked! to see an article on

Johnny Winter in your November issue. I am probably the biggest Johnny Winter freak and fan in the whole world. Would you believe I have gone as far as going out and buying an old Firebird guitar just like Johnny's and bleaching my hair white, and I have been learning Johnny's style of playing and singing and to tell the truth I do a fantastic imitation of Johnny. I even write and sing my songs Johnny Winter style - I couldn't see doing it any other way. Please have another article on Johnny soon. It means a lot to me because I have spent years learning Johnny's style of singing and playing and I just love to hear about him.

Sincerely Johnny's loyalist friend and fan,
Robert A. Lynch

Zepmania

Dear Editor,

I see that a new question of debate has finally arrived. Who is the sexiest, horniest looking man on the face of the earth? A few issues ago, one girl said it was Robert Plant, and last issue I read that it was Jimmy Page. Well, I agree that Led Zeppelin has it. But I'm not writing this to take any particular side. Instead of fussing about who's better, I'd gladly take either. Better yet, I'd love having them both.

P.S. Sweet dreams Zeppelin lovers, and nightmares to those who aren't.

Yours Truly,
Nicole White

Dear Editor,

I agree with Terri Ferry about what she said in her letter, (Jan. '75 issue.). I have the same centerfold of Jimmy, and I also think it was beautiful. I think Jimmy Page is the sexiest man alive. Keep on printing more about him. Thanks.

Led Zep 4-ever,
Dee Dee

Dear Lisa,

In your winter annual 74-75 I must say that your photo of Robert Plant is of course, absolutely Beautiful! He really has an extraordinary, rare and Beautiful face. It's not every day or every year, you see a foxy face like his. Let's get some more of his body!

Rare Robert,
Andrea Pope

P.S. Thanks to photographer Bob Gruen.

Dear Hit Parader,

I have LED ZEPPELINITUS; sounds awful, eh? Well, actually it's quite a pleasant disease to contract as anyone who has come down with this disease can attest to.

I contracted LED ZEPPELINITUS in 1972 with the release of ZoZo but the clincher was seeing them in concert. WOW! I've never seen so many hypnotized people under one roof. Since then I have bought the other ZEPPELIN albums, and I'm anxiously awaiting the release of their double album and the film they're working on.

The disease has left me with an insatiable thirst for literature and photographs on LED ZEPPELIN. (I have uncontrollably bought the only four LED ZEPPELIN posters I have seen with my mother's cookie jar money) I'll buy anything with an article on LED ZEPPELIN, or just a decent picture of them. I bought the September issue of Hit Parader just for the poster of Jimmy. I know the people who love Grand Funk and Edgar Winter will think I'm crazy (those were the articles in the September issue.). You've got to understand that LED ZEPPELINITUS dulls your senses a bit to other groups, just like GRAND FUNKITUS does to you GRAND FUNKERS, or anybody else! No hard feelings, o.k.?

LED ZEPPELINITUS has also left me with an eye disease. Whenever I'm reading anything and I mean *anything!* (even the contest rules on the inside of smarties packages) my eyes focus immediately on Z's. Once that has happened I have to make sure that there isn't a LED in front of the Z and an EPELIN after it. I've been infected by the Ledblimp,

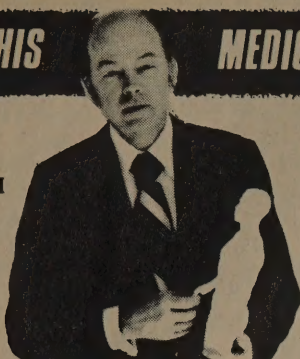
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- How to help solve sinus problems. (Chapt. 17)
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- How acupressure helps sexual impotence. (Chapter 10)

Author - KEITH KENYON, M.D., A.B.

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Nothing can take the place of your doctor's diagnosis and treatment but acupressure may enable you to help yourself or one dear to you through the first, suffocating chest pains of an attack. It may help someone through a serious emergency.

Tension Headaches:

Relieve that throbbing, piercing pain merely by pressing a certain spot on your head. Chapter 9 shows you where to apply acupressure as soon as the pain begins. No more waiting in nerve-jangling suspense hoping that medication will work.

You actually sense the relief as a pleasant, tingling sensation runs through the affected area, helping to drive away pain.

Sexual Impotence:

Sexual impotence can be a very disturbing emotional experience. Chapter 10 demonstrates how acupressure may relieve this frustrating condition.

Asthma and Bronchitis:

As Dr. Kenyon knows only too well, ordinary medicine alone is often helpless when treating bronchitis and asthma. Only a sufferer can understand the terror of not being able to suck in enough air to breathe. Chapter 16 of **PRESSURE POINTS** shows the actual spots on your body that you can use to help relieve these torturing afflictions. You may find that you breathe normally again for the first time in many years.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE SICK TO BENEFIT FROM ACUPRESSURE

Look, Feel and Act Younger:

Exercise leads to good health and acupressure can add vigorous, vital years to your life. Hobbies and sports that you have had to abandon because of injury or stiffened joints may be yours to enjoy again. Chapter 2 shows exactly where to apply the finger pressure that can enable you to play golf or tennis or go bowling or do any of the things you would like to do.



Nagging, Everyday Problems That Won't Go Away

A nervous or cigarette cough, diarrhea or constipation when you're up tight, nosebleeds, vomiting or night sweats might not be classed as major ailments but when they happen to you they become very important. By merely consulting **PRESSURE POINTS** then pressing or massaging the right spot on your body surface you can experience rapid relief.

Weight Problems:

Lose weight without going hungry, exercising or taking any kind of medication. The secret of getting rid of unsightly, unhealthy pounds is literally in your hands. Chapter 7 could change your whole outlook on life.

RELIEF AT LAST

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"I was losing work; I couldn't manipulate the dummies because of the pain."

"During all this time I had been working with Dr. Kenyon developing a power source for the artificial heart, which I invented. He had always advised me to try acupressure but I never really listened. But now, with hope fading, I decided to listen to Dr. Kenyon. He showed me how to treat myself in just a few minutes."

"After a few weeks of using acupressure on my hand and wrist the pain began to subside. I am not saying it cured the underlying condition, but at least I can work with the dummies again."



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BTO: ANY LOVE IS GOOD LOVE

You ain't seen nothin' yet. BLAM. BLAM.

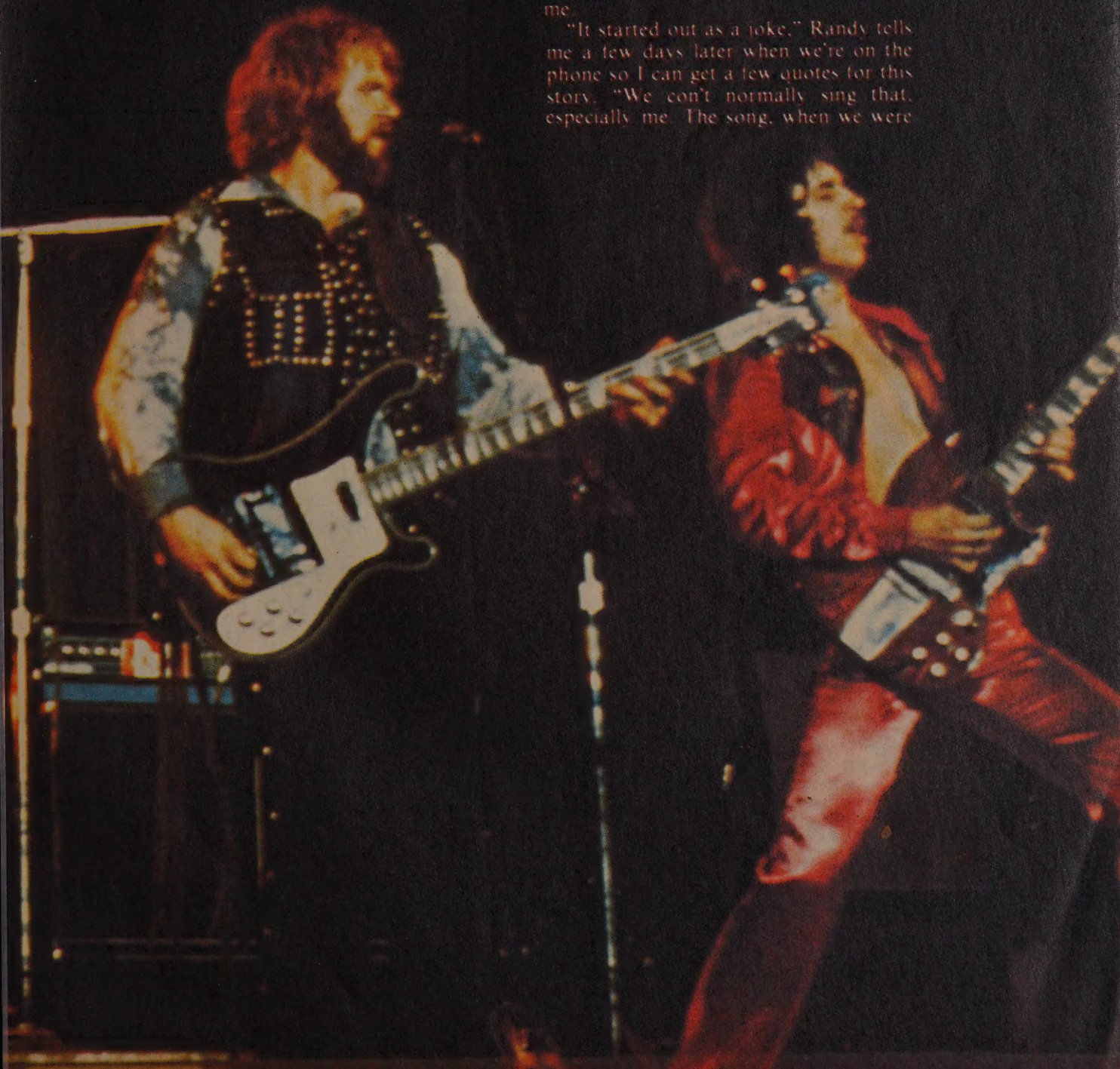
No, you ain't seen nothin' yet. BLAM. BLAM. ROAR.

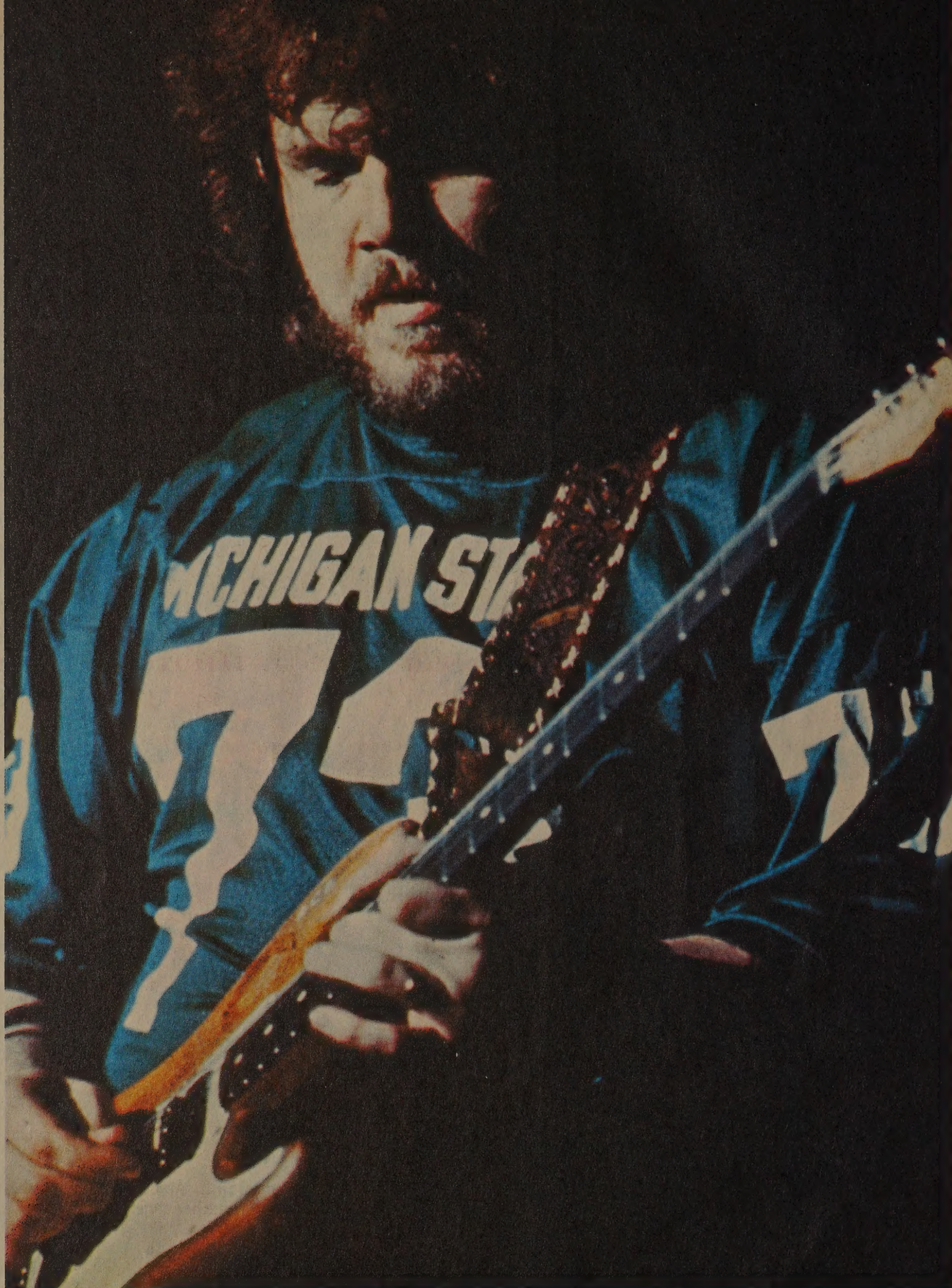
I'm driving through Canada, doing Detroit to New York at a smooth seventy-five miles per hour. It's a bright winter day, the roads are clear and dry, but to either side of the expressway are fields of snow, freezing white despite the sun's glare. The radio is roaring as I sip a Tab,

sans sucre, and take a drag of one of the 200 Rothman's I've just purchased.

CLEW is playing BTO and Randy Bachman is screaming *You Ain't Seen Nothing Yet*. It's one of my three favorite songs on the radio on the market, but it's the only one that's real rock and roll. I can sing along to *Kung Fu Fighting* and *I Can Help*, but with BTO's hot single, the most I can do is join in a word here and there, and let the rest of it just roar along with me.

"It started out as a joke," Randy tells me a few days later when we're on the phone so I can get a few quotes for this story. "We can't normally sing that, especially me. The song, when we were





laying down the tracks, wasn't even going to get to the studio because it wasn't coming out in rehearsals for the album. But we needed an extra song and that was kind of a change of pace from the other songs. So we knew that we had to put the song in just to give everyone a breather

from our normal kind of slam bam rock and roll rhythm tracks."

I know what Randy means, but I note that most bands wish they could play rock and roll as hard as the medium tempoed *Ain't Seen Nothing Yet*.

"We had rented a big house in Seattle

and took the weekends off and had a real nice time. So in order to see where the guitar solos went, I laid down that instant, one take, a stuttering vocal track just so I knew where the holes were so I could work in the guitars. And I took it

(continued on page 60)



The Pretty Things — NOW

SURVIVING THE EARLY BRITISH INVASION

Part One

By Wayne County

Which of the following early English Rock groups or artist do you remember? The Swinging Bluejeans, The Searchers, The Hullabaloo's, The Nashville Teens, The Zombies, The Merseybeats, The Honeycombs, The Bachelors, The Fortunes, The Tornados, The Undertakers, The Four Pennys, The Fourmost, The Applejacks, The Small Faces, The Troggs, The Mojos, The Roadrunners, The Easybeats (Australian) The Yardbirds, The Poets, The Herd, The Action Seekers (Australian) The Spinners (Not the Soul group). The Koobas, The Move, The Vagabonds,

The Creation, The Overlanders (English!!!!?) The Paramounts, The Rockin Berries, The Silkie, The Shadows, The Pink People, Dusty Springfield, Cilla Black, Sandy Shaw, Twinkle, Marianne Faithful, Wayne Fontana and The Mindbenders, Georgie Fame and The Blue Flames, Brian, Chad and Jeremy, Them, Whistling Jack Smith, Gerry and The Pacemakers, Billy J. Kramer and The Dakotas, Dave Berry, Billy Fury, The Springfields, Adam Faith, Chris Farlowe, Zoot Money, Sounds Incorporated, Twice As Much, Dave

Garrick, Freddie and The Dreamers, Hegehoppers Anonymous, Unit 4 Plus 2, Pinkerton's Assorted Toys and Los Bravos (I think they were from South America anyway they had a number one with "Black Is Black".) P.J. Proby (He was a Texan who fled to England to make it big,) and La forever gorgeous Walker Brothers (They were also American but really hit it big in England with their beautiful faces and perfect fluff, almost boofont, hair styles.)

Well if you don't remember too many of those see how many of these you can remember, The Pretty

Things, The Beatles, The Rolling Stones, The Dave Clark Five, Herman's Hermits, The Kinks, The Who and Tom Jones.

Most likely most of you will remember those last eight I just mentioned. And for different reasons. Take The Beatles and The Rolling Stones for instance. They simply were and are the biggest. No more explanation is needed there! Take The Pretty Things. They were giants in England, and were just about if not the most outrageous of all the British groups. They never made it here in the States, because they were just too ahead of their time and were considered too freaky. Can you picture men dressed in torn sweatshirts, beards, hippy type sandals and almost elbow length hair in 1964!!!!!! And their sound!!!! Oh my sweet lord, it was simply the raunchiest and most off the wall sound around and still holds up today because as I said before they were ahead of their time. They had a very Stones sound but more dirtier and screechier. In fact The Stones and The Things hung around together back in art school and were all part of the white interest in the American Black sound on the college campuses in England. They used to all jam together on old Muddy Waters and Bo Diddley tunes in dingy clubs around the London area.

The early Pretty Things simply cannot be matched when it came to raunchy funk in 1964!!! They lasted until about 1966 when they tried in vain to keep up with the Stones' forever changing sound and image but just couldn't keep it together. They started adding horns and strings and such things in their recordings and it just ruined their original fantasia old blues type sound and all their long haired, rebel fans soon lost interest. I remember how my heart sank, I mean I almost cried when my new Pretty Things lp arrived from England through the mail, (I sent off to England for alot of discs I couldn't get living in a small town in Georgia.) and I got the shock of my life when I put on "Emotions"!!!! It didn't even sound at all like the Pretty Things that I had grown to idolize and worship!!!! Horrible arrangements and all the songs were ruined by badly produced horns and stupid strings and horrible folk songs.

The Things were just trying too hard to keep up with the forever changing times around them and they completely lost all that had won them their loyal cult of fans in the first place. The Stones were smart enough

to realize that They played Rhythm and Blues based Rock the best. They knew that it was just hunky dory to keep up with the times and add a few folky tunes and a string here and a string there, but they always knew what their most devoted fans needed to hear from them the most. They were a Rock band!!! They never did and as far as I'm concerned still don't, need not one horn or string arrangement to spice up their bassic understanding and image of Rock and Roll! It just killed me when The Pretty Things lost all their raunch and began to try to show how progressive they could be. I hope they don't read this and get angry with me, but I was a High School student brought up in the suppressive deep South and The Things represented to me an outlet for my frustrated Puritanical Southern, redneck upbringing!!! Of course I worshiped the ground the Stones walked on but The Early Pretty Things even beat out the Stones on alot of their early material such as Bo Diddley's "Roadrunner", and their British hits such as "Don't Bring Me Down", and "Honey I Need". It was just too much for one to bear when they started changing so drastically!!

I remember seeing them in Rave mag and on Shindig. Their appearance raised a ruckus not to be believed! Phil May with his hair parted in the middle and dangling all the way down his back like one of the Three Musketeers was just too much for even the most liberal Southern redneck to take!!!! I mean no one could even begin to allow themselves to even give them half a listen. No one except their loyal cult following could get past their freakyness! And to think, that today they would't even be noticed on the street!!! How far we have come. But honey we still have a long way to go!!! That's why it makes me so mad when people today put down groups and regular street kids (And old freaks as well.) for wearing make up and what alot of people describe as "drag". There's "Rock And Roll Drag", and there's real drag, and believe you me, just as the Stones and Pretty Things and other freaks of their time paved the way for future styles and taste, people who are dressing in this manner and are embracing bisexuality as the wave of the future, are ahead of their time as well. Some day you will be able to walk into a bank and be waited on by a male teller in very obvious make up.

Just as alot of people back during the British Invasion thought it was all just a fad that would fade away, it did



The Pretty Things — THEN

not. It simply grew into other forms, and before we knew it there were people all around us in below the shoulder length hair, beards and sandals. Even beards were outrageous at one time, don't forget that!!! Now it's nothing to see a male in a beard or long hair or Modish attire. It's no longer the symbol of the freak trying to express his unwillingness to dress and act the way straight society tells him or her to. This is what this entire British Invasion thing meant to me when I was just a High School kid. It showed me that I could dress or act as unconventional as I wanted, just as long as I wasn't doing physical harm to anyone.

Not to get too much off the track but just to give you an example of what I am talking about, I'll relate to you an incident that happened to me when I was just two years out of High School and training to become a male NURSE!!! I don't know what really possessed me to get it in my head that



I should become a nurse, but there I was in a small town hospital, pushing old ladies up and down the halls, in wheelchairs and strapping screaming old men to their beds while a nurses aid tried in vain to give them the bed pan. Oh, could I tell you some stories about my short six months of nurses training, but I'll just tell you this one, and save some of the more gory ones for a later article on Marianne

Faithful or Peter and Gordon. Anyway this all related to the Rock culture simply because I was raised on Rock and Roll and Country and Black Blues and I was a transvestite to boot, so the combination was quite a dose for most anyone around to take. (Except of course all my outcast drag queen and pill poppin hippy type friends.), Well I had cut my hair to become a nurse to help better man-

kind and help the suffering. Well I shoulda known it wouldn't have worked out for long!!!

There I was surrounded by all these hospital workers who couldn't even accept The Beatles or even Elvis in some instances!!! So as time went on my freakyness began to slowly emerge and I began to hear rumors being spread about me among the hospital employees. The Registered Nurses and Doctors loved me even if they did find me a bit strange because my manners and ability to cope with sickness and death all around me, seemd to somehow make them like me. A lot of them accepted me as just a sissy kid with his hair a little too long. I had cut it but it still got stares. The most important thing was that the patients really loved me because I would talk to them about their problems and never once complained about my poor tired feet. I really did like helping people and they sensed this and patients were always requesting for me to do things for them, and a lot of the other nurse trainees were spitefully jealous. The old people especially liked me and I got along so well with them that the hospital put me on the "old folks" floor. It really began to get to me after awhile.

Soon I began to realize that it was just no fun getting to know some poor old lady then coming in the next day to learn that she had died. Well I won't talk about that any longer, it was a downer believe me! But someone has to take care of them. Anyway, at this period of my life I began to hang out more in the big city of Atlanta, and of course I got in with all the artists, and gay crowd. There was a club that my best friend at the time Millie Mod and I used to hang out at called the Catacombs. They featured local Hippy type groups and all the so called "In Crowd" hung out there. Well one night they had a special show featuring a drag queen friend of mine called Diamond Lil who did a special impression of Janis Joplin. It was not the clubs policy to have "drag acts" but they made an exception in her case as she was considered to be a "hip queen" with a lot of talent and besides she had a column in the local Underground newspaper called The Great Speckled Bird.

Well I had also began to have quite a reputation in the hip area and Lil asked me if I would like to take part in her show. I gleefully accepted and ended up doing my famous little girl drag act where I held a lollypop and mimed "My Boy Lollypop". It went over quite well as I had brought a



crowd of cheering friends with me, but still even alot of the "Hippys" couldn't accept a drag act and got a little uptight at the management for allowing the queers to take over THEIR club. Well anyway I decided to remain in drag on my way back home driving down the expressway. My family had moved from Dallas, Ga. to Marietta and it was alot closer to wild Atlantra and I had borrowed my mother's car. Well actually I just took her car after she went to bed. I was on good behavior and they were satisfied that I had decided to give up my wild ways and become a respectable citizen. So after my family all went to bed I got in full drag and took mama's car and made my way toward the gay nightlife. Well on my way back home Millie Mod and I had a real hoot up cruising the truck drivers and pulling hysterical jokes on them. (And that's not all we pulled on some of the humpier numbers!) Mercytra!!!

Well I dropped Millie off at a friend's house and just about the time I got to the main square in the town, I recklessly decided to run a redlight. I saw no cars coming and it was about four in ze morn and it all seemed perfectly innocent for me. Well needless to say, the cops who were sneakily hiding behind the courthouse didn't think it so innocent. All of a sudden those lovable red lights started flashing and that siren began to pierce my gayly, ear ringed ears and honey I know I was up shit creek!!! "May I see your driver's license please Miss.", the overly masculine cop growled as he shined a flashlight right in my heavily made up

face. (I had no licence!!!!!!!) I had fogotten to get it renewed and besides I had lost my old one. So I began to nervously pretend as if I were looking for my driver's liscense, inside of a big gawdy tacky, yellow straw bag. "I'm sorry officer," I managed to blurt out in the highest of my voice tones, "I must of left it at home, I just came from visiting my poor little sick sister in the hospital and it must have sliped my mind." "Get out", he growled. "Oh turtle shit" I thought to myself "I HAVE BEEN READ!!!!"

Now just let me describe to you what I was wearing at this time. My own bleached bangs with a long straight cheap darker blonde fall,

with a scarff tied around my head. Beads galore, and a short mini skirt with flowers on it and sandals that we all called "Jesus shoes". Mucho pink lipstick and heavily Maybelline mas-caraed eyes with flowers painted on my cheeks!!! Now let me see. This much have been around 1966 before all the publicity San Francisco was to get and I must have seemed like a Martian to these ultra straight cops even when they thought they were pulling over a girl!!! Mod was just becoming Hip and these cops really picked themselves a winner!!! The cop then shined his demonic flashlight down to my feet and up my entire body then he took his fingers and stroked just under, that's right, you guessed it, just under my chin. Well he felt my stubble and turned to his friend and said, "This is no girl it's a queer!!!" They were ever so proud of themselves. They had actually pulled over an honest to God queer!!! (Although at this stage in my life I did actually believe that I was really a woman, and that God had pulled a fast one on me!!!) Well I kept up the the acto so to speak, I never allowed the man side of me to come out for one moment. This was an old trick that all the queens used when they would get arrested for being in drag. I continued to use by high voice and I turned on all usage of my well learned queenly manners and my real feminine self. It worked and they didn't beat me or anything. In fact they treated me quite nice and I was actually taken a bit aback by it. Of course they considered me a freak in all definitions but the masculinity in them and their Southern manners

(continued on next page)



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combined somehow prevailed and they actually did treat me kindly. They of course had been told or had heard about "men" who should have been born "women", and I guess they either felt sorry for me or were just too flabbergasted to even think about roughing me up. Although one of them did steal five dollars from my bag. Well they impounded my mama's car and took me to the station.

When they brought me in it was rather quiet I mean there was no big to do as I had expected. There were only two other cops at the station and they were in disbelief but they kept their cool. Making such educated remarks as "Yes, I have this doctor friend who knows about transvestites". Well, they took me to the pen where all the drunks and teenage rebel rousers were and locked me in. I just knew I had hit it!!! But I persisted in keeping up the image and sped straight to the mirror to start fixing my make up. The prisoners were too shocked to even speak and some of them thought it was all a joke that the cops were pulling on them. This was the small town of Marietta, Ga. and not one in the pen had ever seen a drag queen before or even knew of the word "drag". One guy just came up to me (And he was beautiful!!!) and asked me if I was a sissy! I told him (So all the other's could hear) That yes I was a sissy but I was also the Head Seargent's brother, and it was all a joke to see how many of the guys could tell if I was really a man!!! Well some of the drunker ones started rubbing their ding dongs and started to get sexy. Just then one of the cops came in and took me out, making the remark to one of his friends. "We can't leave him in there,

they may hurt him". Well thank you Jesus, was I ever the lucky one!!! So they took me to the office and I sat for a bout an hour while they all asked me all sorts of questions and I did the service of drawing them all dirty pictures.

I was keeping them all entertained and laughing so much that they never once got mean or rough with me. Then they wrote me out a bail and a summons to appear in court for driving without a license and running a redlight. Not even a mention of "transvestism" on the summons or when I appeared in court with a note from the State Dept. saying I did have a licence but it had not been renewed. I called a cab from the station house and fled home just as the sun was rising. I was never so glad to see my fabulous basement room with it's posters of the Stones, Beatles, Yardbirds and assortment of hundreds of pop mags and papers, in my life!!! I was never so scared but I was proud of myself in a way, that I had pulled through, keeping the cops entertained and not getting the shit beat out of me as alot of my friends had gotten!!!

Well it all went too well. I had made the mistake of telling the cops that I was training to be a nurse at the local hospital. What a stupid thing to do! Sure enough, the very next time I went in I got called up to the head office and discharged. The cops had called the hospital and informed them that they had someone such as me training there and that I had been arrested and had been wearing women's clothes. When they questioned me at the hospital, I denied nothing. They simply told me that I was in their words "part of a conspiracy to bring the country

down" and that they could not give me a reference if I intended to continue my training as a nurse at some other hospital. To tell you the truth I was quite relieved because this incident only helped further convince me that I could not live in their straight world. I had to find a way to be myself and live my own life according to my own standards.. I was just too different for them to accept me into their holy realms. That's just fine with me honey because you are all a total drag and I wouldn't give ONE SECOND OF MY LIFE FOR ONE ENTIRE LIFETIME OF YOUR DRAB, DULL, BOREING, EXISTENCE!!!!

Anyway, my hair grew back, I bleached all my roots and I eventually got it together enough to flee the wilderness to escape to the bright lights and utter, fabulous, degenerate, decadant and (I must admit sometimes very lonely.) NEW YORK CITY!!! But if you gotta be lonely sometimes honey, I would much rather be lonely with a fabulous bunch of degenerates than a bunch of old stick in a pile of green cow shit, bastards. So there!!! I'm a Rock and Roll Queen and you know what I mean!!!

Now where was I? Ohyestra La Pretty Things. I have heard that The Original Pretty Things have gotten back together, I just hope they churn out alot of fantasia Rock in the same vein as their early days. For me The current together Pretty Things are just another Rock band. I have listened to their albums and I must say that although they are very good musically, and some of their songs really Rock and are really quite good, I cannot really give their albums a review. Maybe if I gave myself more

The Kinks



Herman's Hermits

time I could appreciate them more. But I am afraid that the early Pretty Things affected my life so and meant so much to me in ten years, that I am just too spoiled, so to say. I would be comparing their past music with their current music to such a degree that it would be impossible for me to treat them with the respect that a good Rock band deserves. They are a good Rock band you see, BUT THEY SIMPLY AIN'T THE EARLY PRETTY THINGS!!! I shall mention their albums. For those of you who aren't familiar with the early Pretty Things, their more current stuff will be a delight. For instance "Silk Torpedo" which contains the boogie rocker, "Come Home Mama". This is my fave track on the lp. Then theres "Parachute". The best track is "Miss Fay Regrets". It's a simple fast classic "S. F. Sorrow". The Who admit to being influenced by this when they wrote their Rock opera "Tommy", and you can really tell it! This lp brought the latter Pretty Things much critical acclaim. I was ahead of it's time and it is a brilliant lp.

"S. F. Sorrow", is on la stereo at la momento. I am drinking a nice cold Tab. I am eating popcorn. Ohtra I am so thrilled!!! Nefretiti had kittens!! Nefretiti is my solid black cat. Well actually she is not solid black since she has a white spot under her neck. I just ignore her white spot. Once I coloured it black; with a magic marker. Anyway she had four kittens!!! They are kinda strange. Nefretiti is just a plain old every day black cat and the father of the kittens is Sheeba who is my Siamese cat that is crazy as a bat. I have named the four kittens Babylon, Tiberious, Cleopatra and Billy. OHTRA,!!! I just put on "Get The Picture". LA EARLY PRETTY THINGS. I could go on and on and on and on for years about how much this music means to me. I could never never, never tire of talking about THE EARLY PRETTY THINGS!! "Buzz The Jerk", is playing! FANTASIA!!! It's the second track on side one. A funky guitar riff and upfront bass make this a fantastic dance tune. Very easy to dance to even to the most ardent Funky Soul freak!!! Phil May's rapturous, vocals send chills down my spine! OHTRA!!! Now "Get The Picture", The title track is playing. This along with "Buzz The Jerk", "Cry To Me," and "Gonna Find a Substitute", are the best tracks. "Cry To Me", was also recorded by the Stones and it's really hard to decide which version I dig la most!!! This old Solamon Burke turn is a standout classic!! By

The Rolling Stones



The Who



the way, they got their name from the Bo Diddley song called "Pretty Thing", just as the Stones got their name from the Muddy Water's song called "Rolling Stone"! "Rainin In My Heart" is also a standout track on this lp. It's one of those old blues

songs that the Things do so well!!! By the way The Now Pretty Things were the second group to be signed to Led Zeppelin's Swan Song Records. Bad Company was the first. I wish them all the luck in la world. Now I shall go on to something else. □



ROCK & ROLL HOTLINE

By Lisa Robinson

Led Zeppelin: Conquering America once again



Pennie Smith

There isn't any doubt that the biggest tour news is Led Zeppelin. For the next three months (there'll be some time off in between, but the whole number will be over a three

month period) they'll storm their way across the States in their usual high speed, high energy fashion. As usual, the group will travel in their own plane, there will be no opening act on Zeppelin's bill, and they will perform almost a two and a half hour set nightly. One of the features of their show will be the new material - songs from their forthcoming "Physical Graffiti" album, which may or may not be ready for release at the start of the mammoth tour. (It will be out for sure by the end of February however.)

Zeppelin also are taking care to have one of the most elaborate and impressive sound and light systems for this show; Showco Sound is designing a system that they say is unparalleled in the history of rock concert performance. 24,000 watts of sound will be utilized - as opposed to previous Zeppelin tours that had 12,000 watts - and the desired result will be far more clarity (they're using this to make it clearer, not louder) for the best possible show. According to Zeppelin sources, it will be a pinnacle

of technical accomplishments, - lights and sound that will be an extension of their music. A strong possibility is that lasers will be used - special effects such as visuals that might come out of Jimmy Page's violin bow, and many lighting effects tied into John Bonham's drums. Zeppelin will be the first rock group to use such projections - the illusions of 3-D - in an onstage performance. There are no plans for the group to utilize any of that "home" movie they've been making during the past few years; the footage of Zep's 1973 tour as well as the past few years; the footage of Zep's 1973 tour as well as the stuff they've done at home in the country is being saved for a later date. If you don't have a ticket to the concert in your home town (if it's during the first half of the tour) already, it's probably too late. Here's the second half of the tour: Feb. 27th - Houston Coliseum, Houston, Texas; 28th - Louisiana State University, Baton Rouge, Louisiana; March 3rd - Tarrant Convention Center, Fort Worth, Texas; 4th & 5th - Memorial Auditorium, Dallas Texas; 10th - San Diego Sports Arena, San Diego, California; 11th & 12th - Long Beach Arena, Long Beach, California; 17th - Seattle Coliseum, Seattle, Washington; 19th & 20th - Vancouver Coliseum, Vancouver, B.C.; 21st - Seattle Coliseum, Seattle, Washington; 24th, 25th & 27th - Los Angeles Forum, Los Angeles, California; - and that's IT - (with the possible addition of a few dates in between,) for this year.

Mott the Hoople changes

Mott the Hoople has gone through some funny changes. Now - and this is latest, perhaps subject to change by the time this mag comes out - Ian is working on his solo lp in London with Mick Ronson helping out, and the rest of the Mott members are forming their own band. As soon as they find a new lead singer that is. Possible name for the semi-new band will be The Hooples. Ian's solo lp will be all original Hunter material. Ronson will play on the album as well as coproduce it and act as musical director. Ronson's own solo lp may be held up a bit longer than planned; originally it was to have been released by now, but because he's not touring with Mott - the album is in limbo. Ian Hunter's solo lp will be on Columbia.



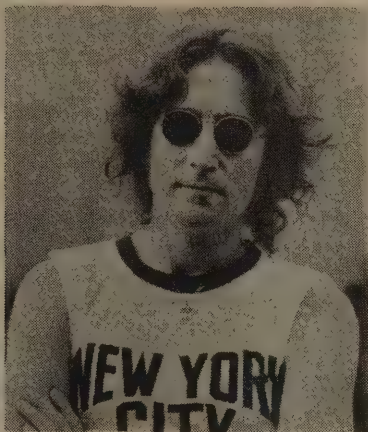


Bob Gruen

Bowie — Video First

David Bowie was holed up in New York's Hotel Pierre for weeks around the Christmas season while he finished the mixing on his latest lp (co-produced with Tony Visconti, the one that includes "Young Americans"). When he wasn't busy with the album, he was fiddling around with a variety of videotape machines that littered the hotel suite. Cameras, portapaks, reel-to-reel and cassette machines (as well as a copy of "The Video Primer" by Richard Robinson!) made for an unusual hotel decor. David's been experimenting with making tapes; all have been

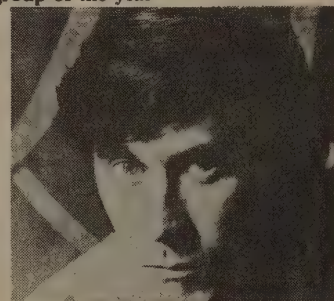
black and white as he awaits his color camera, and most of them are said to be of an "experimental - arty nature". He may have some of them shown in a New York gallery sometime this year. Plans for his new album are unsure as well, as Bowie may release a few singles from it before the actual lp gets into the stores. "Young Americans" will be edited down from the original five minutes for radio airplay - but will be sold in its entirety. Wife Angie, meanwhile, has incorporated herself apart from Main Man, LTD., David's management company. She'll do a six week modeling assignment in Africa and then return to London and perform in some dinner theater.



Bob Gruen



Television — The most interesting new group of the year



Roxy's Bryan — no solo show in USA yet



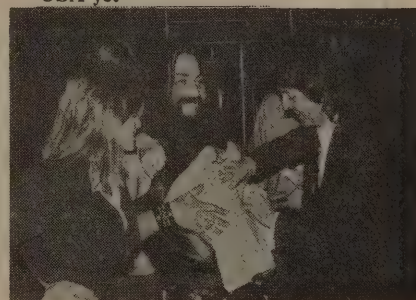
Nico — performed in church

Even rock superstars need an advertising campaign to launch a new product. Paul McCartney and Wings are no exception; so for their single, "Junior's Farm," they decided to portray the characters that are featured in the song.

For this, they needed a seal, and so Julie was called upon to attend the photo-session for the posters that will appear throughout Britain and the U.S.A. But Julie is a difficult lady to please. She demanded 50 fish, a 20-foot bath which she plunged into every 15 minutes and, of course, her faithful manager, Buddy, a sea-lion, had to accompany her to make sure she received the correct treatment.

However, long photo-sessions are apt to make any lady slightly weary. Julie expressed her annoyance by stomping up and down on the card table, smashing several glasses and knocking over a bottle of champagne. Her tantrum over, Julie smiled, sat quietly and allowed herself to be photographed. Cute?

McCartney - in town with wife Linda and the kiddies for the holidays - was denied a backstage pass. Paul & Linda showed up anyway, sitting in the audience in fairly recognizable disguises. Paul wore a curly brown afro wig and mustache, Linda wore a red wig. They stayed only several numbers, although Linda told friends that she thought the musicians were excellent ... Nico performed in a very special concert at the Rheims Cathedral in Rheims, France. Island Records recorded the event ... Bob Dylan attended a performance of "Sgt. Pepper", so did the McCartneys who posed for pix backstage with the



Paul and Linda backstage at "Sgt. Pepper"

Bits & Pieces: John Lennon was supposed to go onstage with George Harrison the second night of the latter's two concerts there, but some kind of misunderstanding occurred and John bowed out. Although the official reason was that George wanted to do the concerts the same way he'd done them for the 50 previous cities (pretty dull), there were rumours that the two had had a bit of a tiff, and John wasn't smiling. Whispers also were that Paul

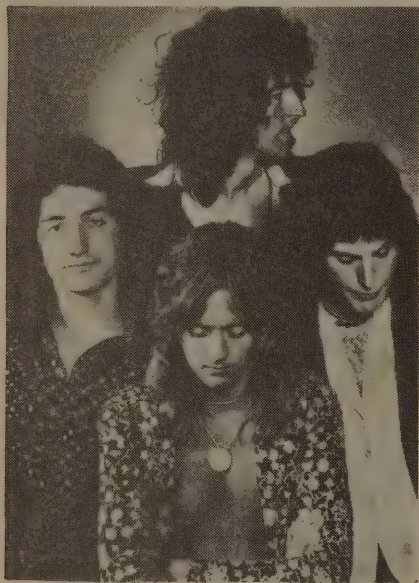
cast. ... The most interesting new group of the past year is Television. Tom Verlaine, Richard Lloyd and Richard Hell may be recording soon. Watch for them. ... Roxy Music return to the States in February for a tour. Lead singer Bryan Ferry performed several solo concerts in England recently, backed by a rather large orchestra and wearing - of course - a tuxedo. There are no plans for Bryan to perform solo when he comes here this time, however. □

RECORDS

By Ted Boise

The rock and roll seventies may soon belong to Britain as surely as the sixties once did. No sooner does one exciting English band, such as Slade or the Sweet, drift into semi-obscure than another, like Queen or Sparks, zooms up the limey pop charts to take its place. So far as originality and instrumental power are concerned, young American rockers still have a lot to learn from their Anglo opposite numbers. So this month, *Hit Parader* casts a selective reviewer's eye and ear on the cream of the current Cockney crop.

Everybody's choice for the Next Big Thing from Britain seems to be the regal heavy metal quartet Queen.



As special guest stars on last year's Mott the Hoople tour of America, Queen blew audiences out of their seats with their aggressive blend of killer guitar and bright harmonized melodies. Lead singer Freddie Mercury is a compelling front-man, with his dark, sexy good looks, and his penchant for fairy-tale epics and music hall satire. As he strides across the stage with superb self-assurance, Freddie appears to be a rockstar cast from the same mold as a Plant or Stewart. Brian May's searing guitar artistry has already drawn favorable comparisons with that of his idols, Jeff Beck and Jimi Hendrix. Roger

Taylor and John Deacon are Queen's noble rhythm section, providing ample thunder for Brian's lightning licks.

Just as Queen's legion of loyal subjects was reaching star-making proportions, their triumphant Stateside debut had to be cut short when Brian May fell prey to an exhausting bout with hepatitis. Soon enough, however, Brian had recovered sufficiently for Queen to carry on with the recording of their third and best album to date, *Sheer Heart Attack* (on Elektra). At a time when most artists are anxious to cut down their output, the ambitious Queenies have produced thirteen sterling cuts at one go. There is more variety on *Sheer Heart Attack* than ever before.

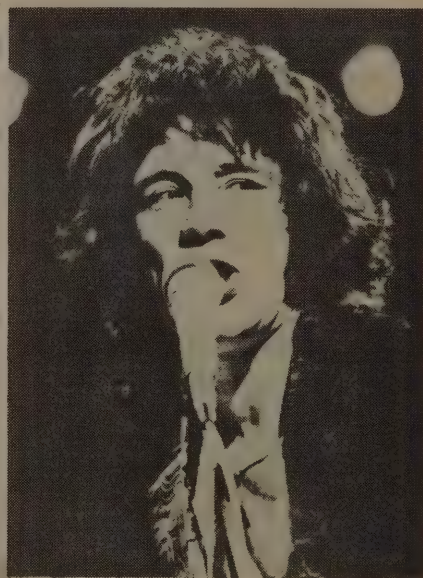
Despite his illness, Brian's songwriting contributions are impressive. "Brighton Rock" is a raving good-time rocker with a multitude of electronic effects in the Hendrix tradition. "She Makes Me (storm-trooper in stilettos)" is the album's most beautiful ballad; it has a Stonesy "Heart Of Stone" feel that is at once sad and lovely. Percussionist Roger Taylor comes up with a persuasively punky self-penned, "Tenement Funster." Telling the tale of a night in the life of a tough teen, "Tenement Funster" will remind you of the best of Alice Cooper.

Freddie Mercury supplied Queen with their first English Number One single in "Killer Queen." It is a piano-dominated description of a vampy heartbreaker, full of musical references to vaudeville days gone by. Fans of Queen's full scale musical myths will enjoy two stunning versions of a show-stopper entitled, "In The Lap Of The Gods." With producer Roy Thomas Baker pulling out all the stops in the studio, "In The Lap Of The Gods" is a mighty and majestic new level of achievement from a group whose praises we will all be singing once they commence their second American tour this spring.

Launching an even more violent theatrical attack than Queen are the Sensational Alex Harvey Band, whose second American release is *The Impossible Dream* (on Mercury). With on-stage action so vivid they make the Coopers' show appear a picnic by comparison, the Sensationals are crude, rude, and rowdy in the best possible way. The band's instrumental nucleus is comprised of zany Zal Cleminson on guitar, Chris Glen on bass, Hugh McKenna on keyboards and synthesizer, and Ted McKenna on drums. They were once a Scottish hard rock group called

Tear Gas, until veteran vocalist Alex Harvey discovered them and lead them to one in-concert conquest after another.

Kicking off *The Impossible Dream* and a highlight of Harvey's outrageous act is "The Hot City Symphony." Alex's tunes are jammed with lyrical evidence of the psychotic Scot's obsession with Marvel comics, detective stories, street violence, and other manifestations of American culture. The hero of "The Hot City Symphony" is a cartoon creature named Vambo who "roots" big city dark alleys as McKenna's jungle tom-toms accentuate his stalk. The Sensationals' versatility is revealed on the bright pop parody "Sergeant Fury," while their aptitude for melodic hard stuff is exemplified by "River Of Love." Do make it a point to see the Sensational Alex Harvey Band when they come to your town; as good as their records are, they're still only a souvenir for one of the most memorable rock 'n roll evenings you'll ever spend.



If Queen and the Alex Harvey Band are taking the most familiar elements of rock 'n roll and improving on them, then Genesis and Sparks are two of the most original outfits to ever emerge from England. Sparks aren't really English at all; they're loony L.A. mods who moved to Britain to make their mark. They were once called Halfnelson and recorded two albums for Bearsville, one of which was produced by Todd Rundgren. America just didn't seem to appreciate the Mael Brothers' whimsical wit, however, so Ron and Russell crossed the Big Ocean, formed a new band, signed with Island Records, and are now produced by Steve Winwood's brother, Muff. Their second Island

RECORDS

album is *Propaganda*, a potpourri of mock-operatic pop and terrific rock.

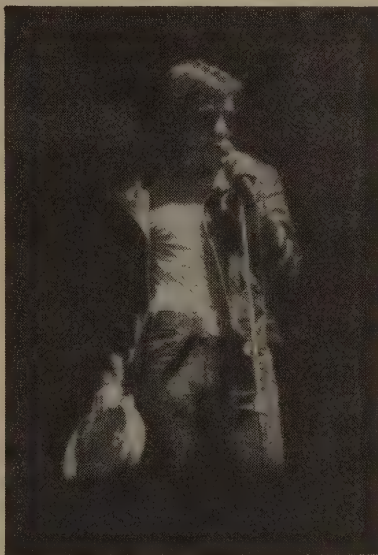
Though Russell's high-flown falsetto sometimes makes Ron's lyrics a bit hard to distinguish, Sparks thoughtfully provide the bemused listener with a lyric sheet, a quick perusement of which shows them to be masters of mad-cap musical comedy. Who else would dedicate a song to the unfortunate beasts who didn't make it onto the ark? That's just what "Bon Voyage" is about, while "Thanks But No Thanks" concerns a mere child with the wisdom not to take candy from strangers. "Who Don't Like Kids?" is an energetic expression of youthful anger, which, like most Sparks songs has a somewhat serious moral as well as plenty of chuckles. Even when the point of Sparks' tunes seems precious or hard to catch, the band's full speed ahead instrumental virtuosity makes for fine fun. Trevor White's guitar is at times quite breath-taking, and Dinky Diamond and Ian Hampton pound out throbbing rhythms as insistent as Russell's shrill tenor.



Sparks are a welcome addition to the superior Island roster, which also includes such avant garde artistes as Roxy Music, Eno, John Cale, and Nico.

With their seventh album, Genesis decided to challenge their story-telling abilities to the furthest by making

The Lamb Lies Down On Broadway (on Atco) their first double set. So dense and frequently obscure are Peter Gabriel's stream-of-consciousness lyrics, that it may take you several listenings to understand all that's going on. Already well-known for his prominent bald-streak and dazzling costumes, Peter decided recently to change his image in line with the personality of *The Lamb's* protagonist, a young Puerto Rican New Yorker named Rael. Gabriel now appears on stage dressed in a t-shirt, a black leather jacket, jeans and sneakers, as he sings the saga of Rael's search for himself, triggered by some vague dimension-shattering catastrophe that overtakes him in Times Square.



There's an accompanying short story inside the double sleeve, which may or may not make the plot any more clear, depending on how close Peter's fantasies are to your own. In any event, Genesis are one of the most musically accomplished groups in rock, and *The Lamb* is four sides of gorgeous, sensitive, subtle music. The guitars of Steve Hackett and Mike Rutherford weave airy webs of sound while Tony Banks wields the most imaginative mellotron around. Phil Collins is one of our premier percussionists, and he doubles on vocals so unobtrusively that sometimes Peter sounds as if he's singing with himself, even though it's actually Phil behind him. If you can manage to witness Genesis' new multimedia production of *The Lamb* in concert, by all means do so; but the album alone is enough to fill your rock dreams for many months to come.

Jack Bruce has finally put together a solo song cycle worthy of his reputation as one of rock's most adventurous and competent multi-

instrumentalists. Since the break-up of Cream five years ago, Jack has conscientiously avoided relying overmuch on his prowess as a bass player, so his third solo album, *Out Of The Storm* (on RSO), showcases his considerable talents as a songwriter and keyboard player. Recorded in L.A. with session help from Steve Hunter, Jim Gordon, and Jim Keltner, *Out Of The Storm* combines flights of melodic invention with electrifying powerhouse performances from some very involved musical innovators. Covering all voices, piano, bass, clarinet, Fender piano, organ, harmonica, Brice communicates his innermost feelings through the evocative lyrics of Pete Brown.



The music itself is impossible to categorize, but as Jack has explained in recent interviews, his newest work is an attempt to explore and expand the possibilities of the structured song form. Having experimented with free-form jazz and highly sophisticated "new music" for much of the past few years, Jack was evidently anxious to express himself in more accessible terms, especially since he was equally eager to return to the concert stage in order to reach his many fans directly.

The guitar craftsmanship of Steve Hunter, who has also worked with Lou Reed and Alice Cooper, is con-

(continued on page 53)

LONDON REPORT

By Charles Shaar Murray

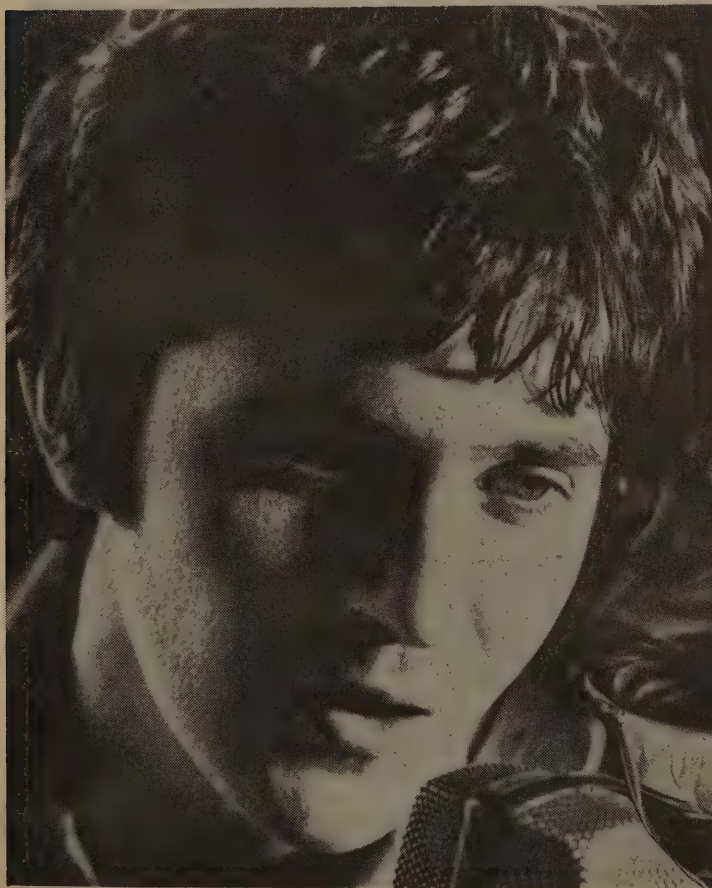
Right now I'm in the middle of writing a singles column for the paper I write for in England. The record playing at the moment is "Star Song" by a guy called Adam Faith. It's highly unlikely that you've ever heard of him, but in pre-Beatle days Adam Faith was one of the biggest stars in England. Now he manages and produces Leo Sayer (who you have heard of), plus he played David Essex's road manager in the movie "Stardust", which is all about how Jim MacLaine (played by Essex) travels from playing bass in a shitty group in the early '60s to becoming The Biggest'n Prettiest'n Most Famous'n Most Wonderful Rock Star In De Worl'd. As a result of the movie, Essex duly became a big star and his concerts now feature as much

rioting and knicker-wetting and hysteria as the ones in the movie. Essex currently has a single at number one in this country called "Gonna Make You A Star", and he's just released "Stardust" the title song from the movie, as his next single.

The mirrors multiply. Stardom used to be a fact of life. Now the process has become a subject in itself. I suppose we can blame it all on Bowie for being the first person to become a star simply by projecting himself into the role so well that he actually got the part for real, but it looks like we're either gonna have to seriously redefine the meaning of the words "star" and "stardom", or else toss 'em out the window, because they have now become debased beyond recognition. Anybody and

everybody who's ever got their name or face in a couple of papers seems to think that they're entitled to be stars. A few months ago, some sixteen year old kid who'd never even had a hit told a magazine in all seriousness that he shouldn't be seen on the street in jeans because it wasn't what his public expected from stars. I don't even know why the magazine was interviewing the little creep in the first place.

On the other hand, you get people like Suzi Quatro quite charmingly insisting that they ain't stars really 'cuz they just the same as they wuz back



David Essex .. his concerts feature much rioting and knicker-wetting



Suzi Quatro .. just the same as she wuz in Deee-troit?

home in Deee-troit, so that throws the whole thing out of whack. I suppose the key to it all is that someone who's really a star doesn't really care about beating other people over the head with the fact. On Mick Ronson's solo tour last year we were on the coach back from Sheffield and stepped off at a motorway service station to take a leak and buy some magazines. Ronson wandered down the aisle asking if anybody wanted a Coke, and he got out and fetched them, too.

The moral of that is that stardom is at least partially down to who you are and not what you do. After all, Robert Plant ain't afraid to walk down Fulham Road in a pair of raggedy-ass jeans simply because he's free of any deeprooted personality hangups about his own identity. He knows who he is, and that's sufficient. Ditto Paul Rodgers, who'll buy a hat in Woolworth's if he feels like it for much the same reasons.

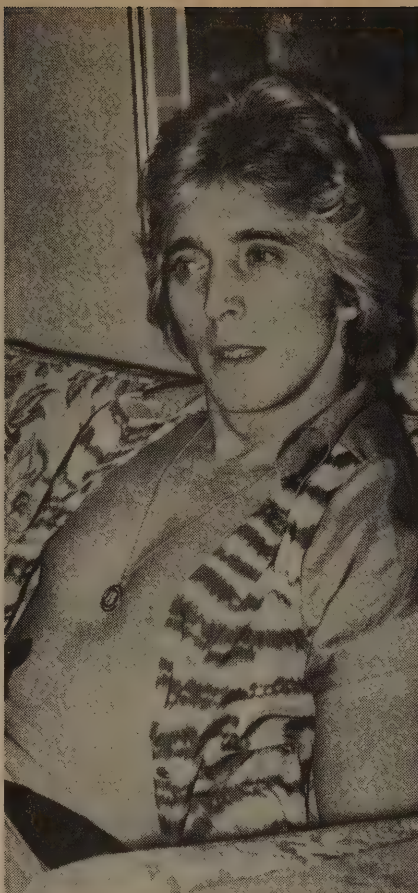
The moral of *that* is that being a star and trying to act like one are two completely different hatfuls of ketchup.

Next topic. Everybody and his brother is touring at the moment. Pink Floyd, Humble Pie, Clapton, Gary Glitter, Jethro Tull, Man, David Essex, Steeleye Span and a whole gang of others. Most of 'em are doing good business, which is quite encouraging when you consider that you could fit this entire goddam country into Texas two and a half times. Humble Pie haven't come out of all the competition too well, while the biggest disappointment of the season, both artistically and commercially, was the Maggie Bell tour.

Now I yield to no-one in my admiration for Ms. Bell as singer, show (wo) - man and all-round amazing human being, but her band was criminally under-rehearsed and so short of material that guitarist Brian Breeze and pianist Pete Wingfield had to do ten-minute solo spots. Knowing Maggie, that must have been unavoidable and I'm sure that there were excellent reasons for such unforgivable sloppiness, but any exonerating circumstances that may or may not exist don't make it a good show. And despite the fact that she walks away with the "Top British Female Singer" prize every year at all the magazine polls, she doesn't shift many records or tickets at home.

So is Maggie A True Star? If in doubt, go back to the beginning of this column and start again.

Maybe she should get someone to write her song about being a star. □

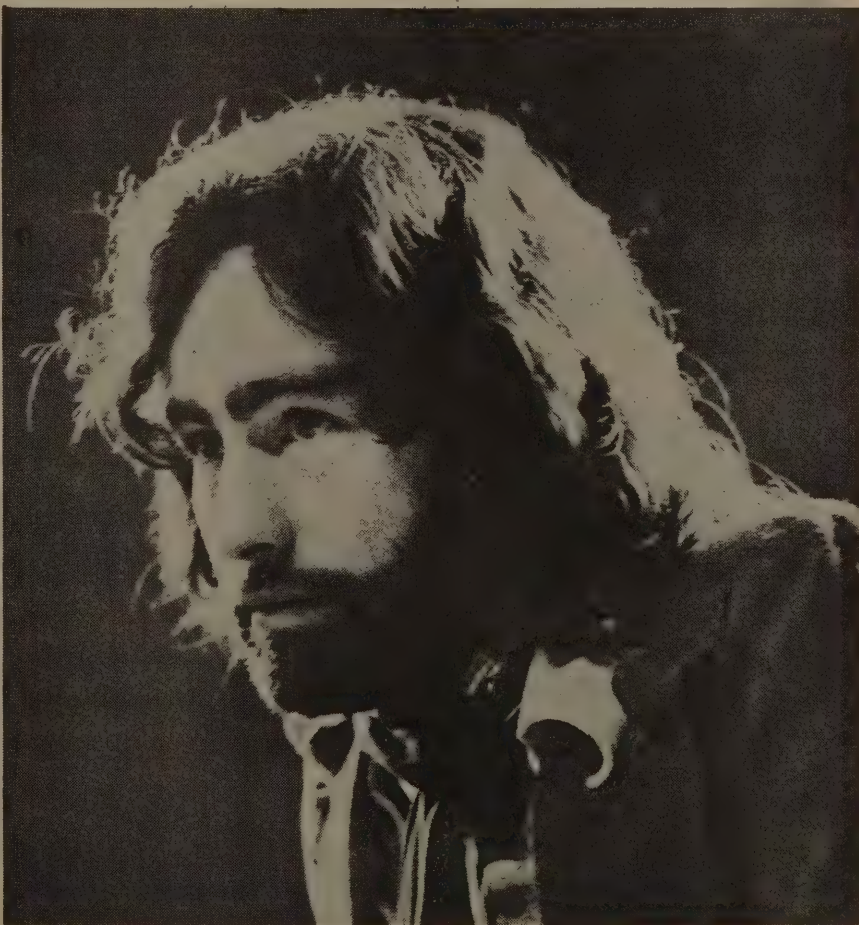


Mick Ronson .. got out and fetched cokes.



Richard Creamer

Robert Plant ain't afraid to walk down Fulham Road in a pair of raggedy-ass jeans



Michael Putland

Paul Rodgers ... he'll buy a hat in Woolworth's..

People never ask me where to find the finest plateful of peas in England. I find this disturbing, because I always make a point in searching for the ultimate pea, whether I be in Paris, Rome, or The Bronx.

I'll tweak the nose of any person who has that "A pea is a pea is a pea" attitude. That person is usually a wan imbecile with a brain as transparent as Glad-Wrap. You see them sulking in corners, chewing on their bottom lips and retiring home early from parties with a pocketful of stolen ashtrays. Tish! What lame excuses for homo-sapiens.

But the pea addict - a man who can sniff out an excellent pea from a plateful of thousands - is my sort of person. Alert, but also a dreamer; creative to the point of genius. But what the Hell has this to do with rock and roll? Wait, I'll tell you.

The two places in England to find the

ultimate "pea trip" are Nuff's Fish and Chip Shop, Chaddesden, Derby, and The Speakeasy, Margaret Street, London.

Nuff's is a typical Northern English chippie, and the variety of pea found there is of the "soggy bag" variety. They use the larger variety of Lincolnshire pea, and boil until soggy - adding sugar.

It's a rough and tumble little place, with a cheap radio blaring in one corner, an elderly old spinster behind the counter, and a small gang of motorcycle boys hanging around outside. Nothing special to look at, but as the "Provincial Soggy Pea" goes, Nuff's gets all my awards.

But if you're really into petit pois with a real meaning, and subtle significance, then The Speakeasy Pea ranks to me as the finest in the world. I'll willingly sit down in that place and order a pea starter, a plateful of peas for main course

(with peas on the side) and a pea soufflé for dessert. After devouring that my mind and ass are fit to wage war - and in The Speakeasy, Margaret Street, London, that's a helpful frame of body to be in.

If you are of nervous disposition, or don't like people biting your throat, then The Speakeasy is a place to be avoided. If, on the other hand, you like to get drunk out of your bracket, surrounded by musicians doing exactly the same thing, then this exclusive rock club is an instant, and brain teasing den of iniquity.

This is where Ginger Baker set his hair on fire; where Keith Moon stripped naked and ran through the restaurant, and where a good friend of mine fell into a drunken sleep on the toilet one Saturday night, and wasn't discovered until cleaners unlocked the premises on Monday morning. And he was still asleep.

It's where rock's ribald dignitaries gather to anoint themselves with booze and food - out of the public's eye. Musicians and close friends only. Oh, women are allowed in of course.

"Goin' down The Speak?" was a question I must have been asked a thousand times by my comrade in raving, Barrie "Dancer" Wentzell. We'd be sat in The Red Lion, Fleet Street, already rosy and glowing on white wines and cider. A gaggle of rock scribes and musicians, known collectively as "Ravers", would be surrounding us, also full of booze, and cigarettes, and hot sausages. The hands of the clock would be approaching 11 p.m. - closing time for pubs in England - and there would be no way that these ravers were going to stop.

"I dunno" I would reply to Barrie. "It'll make it 15 nights on the run, and I think I left my pancreas there last night." Wentzell would order another two pints of cider and say "Oh, come on, Chris is going down, and Charlie Barfly is going to be there tonight."

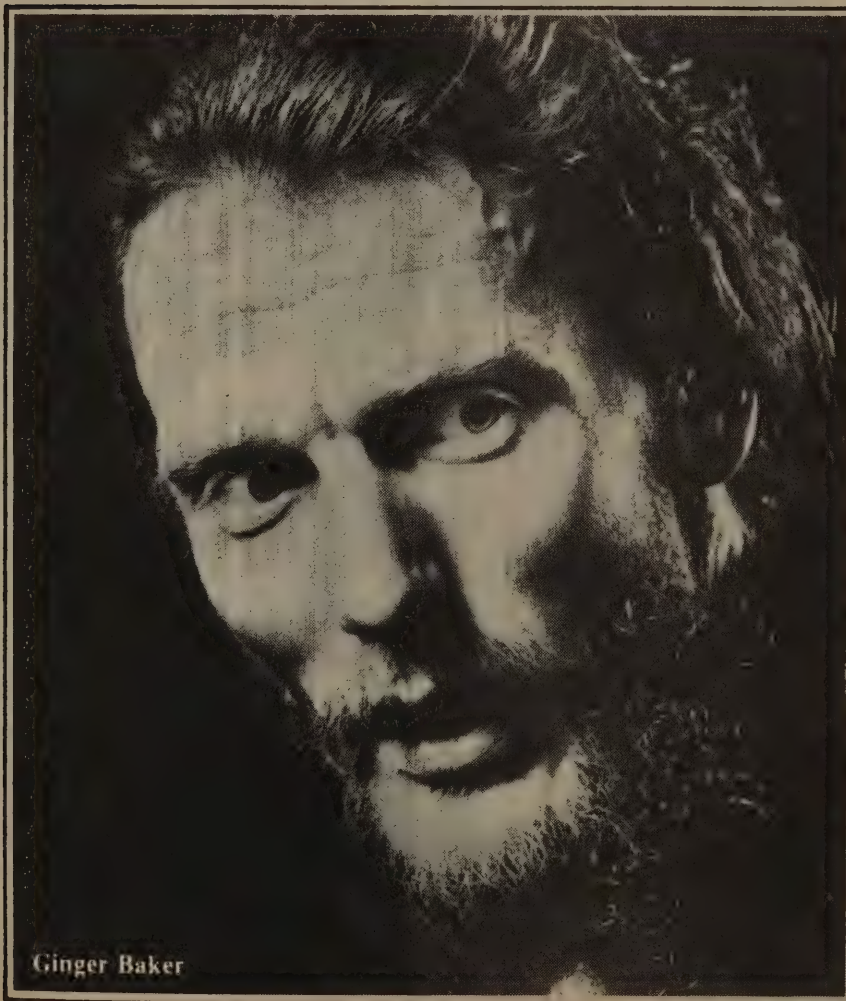
Charlie Barfly was the nickname given to a Speakeasy regular. Guitarist with a name band, I won't reveal his real name, because right now he's probably walking through the cloisters of some island monastery, or running for Parliament. There was his close mate, Charlie Drinkfish (drinks like a fish), also guitarist with a name band. Aware of his past sins he's conceivably playing the lute for The Pope right now. Dear old Drinkfish.

Anyway, I'd finally mumble consent to Barrie, and a raving squad of about ten of us would squeeze into somebody's car - Wentzell preferring to lie across the people in the back with his legs sticking out of the window - and we'd race down Oxford Street like bats out of Hell. Screaming out Beatles' oldies was the usual order for the trip before we ground to a shuddering halt in Margaret Street.

We'd pick our way out of the car, and lurch down the dark steps, which is the entrance to the club. There would be a crowd at the door, but we'd push through, refusing to pay (we were honorary members so to speak) and we'd stumble towards the bar, treading on feet

THE SPEAKEASY, LONDON- A Den Of Iniquity

By Roy Hollingworth



Ginger Baker

and falling over people. The place was so dimly lit, I once requested that they print the menu in braille. "Don't be so damned cheeky" was the reply from Luigi, who ran the restaurant portion. Now Luigi was an Italian, and we'd purposely get on his back by ordering Spanish omelettes and large waddies of peas. "You wanna fucking Spanish omelette you go to some fucking Spanish restaurant. I make you Italian omelette, and I don't want no trouble tonight."

Trouble? Yes, trouble. There was always some sort of trouble. It would happen like this. Half-way through the meal, after at least 15 minutes of silence, while mouths were stuffed with egg and peas, there would be five or six separate parties in the restaurant. There would be The Moody Blues sat in the middle at the big table, ordering pretentious champagne and eating like apes at a picnic; then over on the left would be Marc Bolan holding court; to the sides were "The Americans".

Now "The Americans" were a varying bunch from across the Atlantic, visiting The Speakeasy, to talk and mix with "The British".

American musicians would have vast tables of booze, food and women, while "The British" would be drinking beer, and eying them up. "Load of fuckin' show-offs" - that would be heard. Nobody knew who said it. But it would be aimed at "The Americans", and ... food would be thrown.

How to Throw Food. (Part One - the Winged Steak).

This comes from an original battle plan laid down by Brian Davison, drummer with the now defunct, but legendary group, The Nice.

Take steak. Pick loud-mouthed show-off American. Dip steak into sauce, until soggy. Throw at face. Laugh.

This was trouble.

Anyway, the next morning, when you woke up with a strange girl in bed, and with two portions of brussels sprouts and

a half bottle of wine in your hair, you'd hold your aching brain and mutter: "I'm never going to The Speak again!"

But what had happened since eating the meal and throwing the steak?

Well, one night, when I was a bit feverish, and on the verge of suffering from a cold, Brian Davison offered me a handkerchief, and told me to inhale the scent. He said it was a decongestant.

It certainly was. It was amul-nitrate.

Now amul-nitrate is used to bring the heart back into action - once it has stopped. It frequently stops a cardiac arrest. But taken when feeling healthy, and a little boozy...

They told me the next morning that I had smashed a lampshade; ripped a girls blouse on the dance-floor; taken cocaine in the gents washroom. And I was BANNED. Not just banned. But banned for three months.

"I thought the only way you could get banned from that place would be to napalm the joint" I whispered to Barrie the next day. "You tried to", he sd. "Did I have napalm?" I asked. "No. Fool. You used brandy. Pretty poor show. Semi-pro job."

BANNED! What was I to do? Banned from the one house of debauchery that offered everything I wanted. My little pleasure camp.

I took up reading.

Not just reading, but listening to records too. After reviewing records for three years I finally played the record first. Usually I would look at the cover, have a drink, and write a paragraph the next morning. Why play the record? What you see is what you get.

But, I became a serious rock critic. I couldn't go to the Speak, so had to become a serious rock critic. I also - like most serious rock critics - became incredibly boring. God! I was so boring, using long words like "amplifier" and strange, druggy words like "wah-wah-peddle." I even smoked marijuana, and ate lots of vegetables. But I was boring.

Loose women; darkness; musician friends with foul breath and one days growth; loud music; booze. I needed The Speakeasy. I needed a good plateful of peas too!

They let me back in. Thank God. If they had kept me out I would have written three incredibly boring books about rock and roll by now, and been SERIOUS about it. That would have been a total waste of talent. Speakeasy. Horrid, damned den of iniquity. "Hi, what's your name?" Well it's Roy actually. "Where do you live?" Well, pretty close actually. "Can I come with you?" Well...

Part Two: Speakeasy Dream Sequence.

From the top of the hill it all looked quite lovely. The sheep lay, sunbathing in the field, while the cows chewed lazily on the grass. Clouds scudded over the Sun, making it blink like an eye. We drank Vodka - the Russian way, imprisoning each other for ten years at a time. "Snap



out of it Roy" comes the voice from Barrie.

End of Speakeasy Dream Sequence.

Cast:

Charles Dickens - Robert Fripp

Sherlock Holmes (and dog) - Vivian Stanshall

The Three Virgins - The Three Liars
Leonardo da Vinci - Roy Hollingworth (and dog).

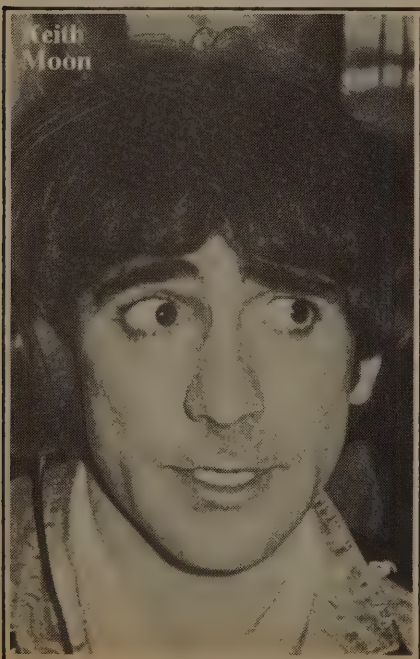
Well, the Speakeasy grew and so did the membership and it came to the point that if you stood at the bar long enough, every rock musician in the world would pass sooner or later.

Facing the bar was a long couch which was permanently occupied by a line of sad-faced bleary-eyed ladies who just sat there and waited to be picked. Poor groupies, it looked as though they were waiting in line at the dentist or something. Sadness. They didn't even talk to each other.

And round the corner from the bar was the fruit machine which Charlie Drinkfish and Charlie Barfly would fill with coins until the bloody thing was about to burst. And then one of the Moody Blues would casually drop one coin in and the whole bonanza would gush out. "As if 'e ain't got enough bloody money", Drinkfish would say. And the trouble continued. You could bet your bottom dollar that around 2:30 in the morning there would be the sound of something breaking or somebody having their meal tipped over them, or somebody getting thrown out or dragged out. Christ, I once even remember seeing the chief road manager of one band carrying out two members of the band. They were drunk as skunks and just couldn't walk anymore. Ah, what times, what times!

It's still there I guess, a perilous place as you might have culled from this piece. But where did we get to? Weren't we talking about peas?□

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Well, I'm getting ready to hit the road again, kids. Right now I'm sitting in my office looking out on Central Park. The cold of winter has stripped the trees of their leaves and a freezing wind is bending the fragile, naked branches. But to begin the story I must take you back to the balmy carefree days of summer. As you may remember from my previous adventure stories, I left the employ of MainMan in May to join Mott the Hoople on a

I was not the only innocent drifting aimlessly through the long, hot summer unaware of what autumn would bring. Indeed, although we were scattered to the far corners of the country, unbeknownst to us certain individuals in New York were even then linking our names on a list of those who would comprise the cast and crew of "Sgt. Pepper." The list of names was a long one. There was Bruce Mason, an itinerant beach-comber and would-be

we did it all that weekend. After that, however, we all settled down to the business of idling the summer away. I soon grew bored. Lying in the sun is torture to me. I love the resultant tan, but getting it is too grueling. I wish there was just a pill you could take to make you tan. Just lying there in the heat, sweating, doing nothing — eccch. You can't read because the glare off the white page could damage your retina (my hypochondriac

HOW DO I GET MYSELF INTO THESE THINGS or Sgt. Pepper Hits The Road

By Lee Black Childers

brief American tour. Then, after a few forays back into Bowie country to take pictures, I was free to wile away my summer on the beach. Cherry Vanilla had a house on Fire Island (shared by a thousand other people) and nobody did anything except lie on the beach and play Scrabble. Heaven! When I arrived in late June (in time for the legendary 4th of July weekend), Cherry had already been there for a month and was burnt toasty brown.

As I made my way over the dunes through the brush, several children suddenly burst from the bushes and scattered before my path. Cherry was standing on the porch waiting for me (she had seen my seaplane land) and squealed when she saw the kids. As I joined her on the porch, she explained, "They think I'm crazy, those kids. They hide out there all the time to watch me. They bring all their little friends from neighboring communities and sometimes there seems to be hundreds of them out there — all snickering like crickets. I don't know why they're watching me. They think I'm crazy!" Cherry looked radiant. Nude. Her pubic hair bleached a fetching platinum blonde contrasted well with the hair on her head which was a brilliant copper color made brassy from exposure to sun and surf. Her fingernails and toenails were painted fuschia. She wore rhinestone studded white plastic, wing-tipped sunglasses; a turquoise blue feather hat; and butter-yellow radio earphones with long silver antennae. "You know how kids are," I comforted her, "They're just naturally curious. They'll stop watching you as the summer goes on and they get used to you." And they did. Cherry soon made friends with them and they bbeeggaan cooming over frequennnnnnn tly for cookies and milk.

Little did I dream as I began this summer's idle that forces were at that very moment in motion that would in a few months time lead me into one of my greatest and most fabulous adventures yet.

gigolo, who was at that time wasting his days and nights on the beaches of Florida spear-fishing and collecting bits of beach glass. Far away in Provincetown, Mass., Alaina Reed, who has been described as "a voluptuous hunk of black woman," was performing in a local bistro on the same bill with Lynn Carter, the famed female impersonator. Jules Fisher, master lighting designer, was traveling about the country on the seemingly endless Bowie tour. On the teaming streets of New York's Greenwich Village, Jason Roberts, a young acrobat, did flips and sang on the sidewalk for what attention and money the crowds gave him. Further uptown, in small supper clubs under the alias of Tammie Temptation and with a blonde wig hiding her long ebony tresses, Laura Rambaldi performed with her trained Terrier. In Los Angeles, Stephanie Knauer was miserable slaving for a record company and longing for the sights and smells of her native New York. The list goes on and on — there are in all some sixty people working directly with "Sgt. P." Many of them had never met each other and had no idea what was in their future — least of all, Teddy Neeley who was at that time booking a world tour for his rock group.

Those in New York who were compiling this list had been working on "Sgt. Pepper" for two years already. Tom O'Horgan, the director; Robin Wagner, the set designer; and Peter Brown, the producer; had long been trying to get the show on the road, but had met with legal setbacks involving the publishing rights to the twenty-nine Lennon-McCartney songs intended for use in the show. And so, as we were all going about our various pursuits through the steaming months of summer, this hardcore nucleus of people worked diligently toward making "Pepper" a reality.

Meanwhile, back on the beach: the 4th of July weekend had been no disappointment. Everything you've ever heard about Fire Island is true, my dears, and

brother told me that one), I soon tired of Scrabble and anyway, Wayne (County) is much better at it than me and always beat me; we couldn't go in the ocean swimming because there were shark alerts out all summer. There was only one thing to do — eat. We had huge dinners and lunches and gigantic breakfasts on the terrace. In between, we had endless snacks. Cheese and crackers, beer, taco chips, donuts, soda pop, cookies, potato sticks, gum drops, pistachio nuts. I took to hanging around inside the house munching cookies and reading Jacqueline Susann (Lisa Robinson gave me a complete set). I grew fat and pale. I grew lethargic and suicidal. Summer was not all I had hoped for. Finally, the days grew shorter and the nights longer. A chill breeze began to whip across the dunes and we all knew it was time to return to the city — and to work. What work I did not know.

It was at this time, early September, that the calls began to go out. "Sgt. Pepper's on! Rehearsals start the first of October." Bruce Scott, who was working in "The Rocky Horror Show" in L.A. gave his notice. He would be playing the lead role of Billy Shears. Those other cast members who were working elsewhere at the time gave notice also — this would be a big show, they knew, and they didn't want to miss it. As for me, one day Danny Goldberg, the V-P of Swansong Records, called me to ask if I would be interested in doing press for a show the Robert Stigwood Organization was planning. YES! I had done press before, God knows, for good old MainMan (with the able guidance of Ms. Vanilla) and the opportunity of working for so important a company as RSO was a dream come true.

I was really nervous my first day at the RSO offices. It was everything I had imagined, everything you think of when you picture a huge, Rock empire — scads of beautiful, young geniuses running about carrying alligator briefcases. Everyone was very friendly — kind of like

your first day at school. You know: "This is Lee. He's going to be working with us ... for a while." "Oh, do you really spell your name with three e's, how unusual." "Is that your real hair ... haha, I mean the color." (It is close to the color of a dandelion.) It was a little frightening, but then any new situation is. I met a thousand new people, and each one I met I was sure I was going to forget them the next time we met. I was madly making notes of names and business titles — but I knew it wouldn't do much good. Bruce Mason, the beachcomber (don't confuse him with Bruce Scott, the actor, or the story will get confusing later), was to be my office-mate. He is English and worked with RSO on the previous "Jesus Christ, Superstar" tours. I was told he was an excellent tour manager. Also in my suite of offices was Bill Oakes, the mysterious president of RSO records, who we rarely saw because he was always flying around the world with his rock groups, but who everyone agreed was one of the great beauties of the rock world. His office was the last one along the long hallway and was nearly always dark, except when he was in, and then it was always populated with worldly English types who always had stacks of tapes under their arms. Then came mine and Brucie's office ... then the bathroom ... then Jeff Mont's office, who does theatre or something for RSO. All I really know about him to this day is he talks on the phone a lot and goes to parties with Martha Mitchell. Then in the outer office is Roseann, who's a real hoot. She's Bill Oakes' secretary, and it was her outrageous sense of humor and devil-may-care attitude that made my first weeks less nerve-racking. You see, I didn't really know just what was up and every time I called upstairs to see if I could see Peter Brown, I was told to be patient, he would see me soon. Really, it was like getting to see Irving Thalberg at MGM. I didn't take into consideration that as producer of the show he no doubt had more important matters to concern himself with than my confusion. Finally, a call came. Mr. Brown would see me at 9:00 AM the next morning. AM? I hadn't been up at 9:00 AM since high school, I was there.

Woouoooooo! It was very high tension. There were a lot of very business-like sorts sitting around arguing about this or that. I felt kind of like a fraud, since I didn't know very much about theatre (I've learned a lot since then, honey). I forgot temporarily that I was hired to work on the show because it was rock and roll which I did know a lot about. The funny thing was that there still wasn't any show. All these men were sitting around planning budgets that involved huge amounts of money and I had yet to hear a single song or meet any of the stars.

Well, the meetings continued every morning at 9:00 AM (not my best hour) with assorted and ever-changing executives attending. Also present was a huge Great Dane named Tavi and a lot of even bigger potted plants. I placed my importance at the meetings somewhere between the dog and the plants. Tavi



would occasionally place his massive head in some uncomfortable executive's lap (selected at random), the plants would occasionally get in the way or drop a leaf into someone's coffee cup, and I would occasionally cough or clear my throat — each of us getting attention in our own feeble way. At the end of the meetings, everyone would smile and shake my hand and pat the dog on the head and leave.

Rehearsals finally began. I was so excited. I didn't know how to dress. God knows, I look weird enough as it is — I didn't know whether to go all out and look completely outrageous or try to tone it down and break the cast in bit by bit. I decided on the latter. Who was I kidding?

Rehearsals were at the Ukrainian National Home — waaaay downtown in what was once known fashionably as the East Village, but soon reverted to the Lower East Side with all its forboding images. I rode down to rehearsal that morning with Peter Brown and his assistant Rick. They picked me up on my corner in his fab Mercedes. I wasn't so afraid of him anymore. At all the meetings, he had been very kind to the dog and the plants — could I expect less?

Anyway, the Ukrainian National Home was a trip. Besides being the Lower East Side, the minute you walked into it, you might as well have been in Ukraine — and I have been. I had traveled some year before with Bowie across the Trans-Siberian Express. I did *not* enjoy it. I was scared to death, couldn't eat any of the food, couldn't sleep for the rumbling of the train and the hourly visits by someone who I was assured wasn't a secret service agent but checked to make sure I was in my compartment and looked a lot like Jack Palance. When I walked into the Ukrainian National Home, it brought back all these fond memories. The rehearsal hall was upstairs — a very large room with a high ceiling covered with fire-proof, white balloons that looked like the condoms my mother used to blow up for my brother to play with when he was a child. My father was away at the war, and so my mother used to blow up his government supplied condoms and decorate them with flowers painted on with finger-nail polish. I grew up listening to the stories of wicked Aunt Louise who used to pop them with her long red fingernails and laugh hysterically as my poor brother cried his eyes out. I think he never got over it.

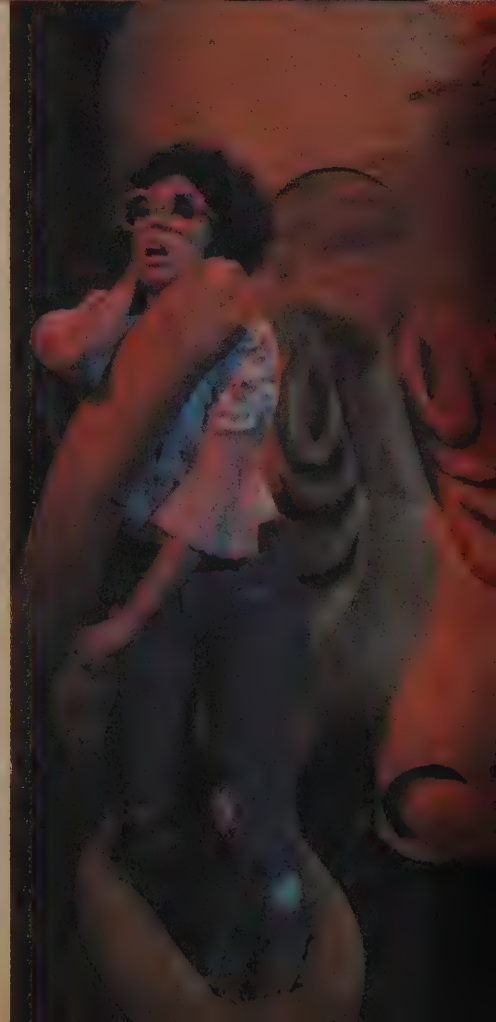
We were among the first to arrive at rehearsal. As the cast began to arrive that chilly autumn morning, they looked like anything but rock stars. But, I had spent enough chilly mornings with already acknowledged rock stars to know well enough that lights, make-up, and a good sound system mean a lot. That morning they all seemed like young excited kids at their first day of camp. Many of them knew each other from other shows they had done together, so there was a certain familiarity — kind of like the first day of your third year at camp. (You know, I never got over being a kid, and as long as you read anything by me, you'll always




see references to childhood like that. That's why I'm in this business. Where else would a woman as old as Ethel Merman still be referred to as a kid?

Remembering the cast now, all grouped around a table, there don't seem to be as many of them as there seems on stage. Tom O'Horgan gives everyone in his shows as many entrances, exits, and costume changes as possible with the resultant effect that there seems to be hundreds of people in the cast. In reality, it is only 32 counting the musicians. Galen McKinley, one of the stage managers who is also used on stage, said someday they should turn the stage around and present the backstage to the audience. The madness of seven dancers changing into fat lady costumes at the same time that Alaina Reed is turning into a bejeweled pincushion lady as Marc Cohen is becoming an octopus as Eddie Bhartonn is slipping into his dancing hand costume (yes, a huge disembodied hand that dances) is as much a show as any audience could expect. Of course, out front, all of these characters are featured at the same time in a single number as well as three men with giant silver claw hammers on their heads. But, this story comes later.

By now, Stephanie, who had liberated herself from California and the record company, was working out of my office as production secretary. The madness began. All the uncertainties and waiting of before was replaced by hysteria. We






As rehearsals drew to a close, we prepared for our week's try-out run in Hartford, Conn. Everyone was going up on a bus early Thursday morning, but I decided to take the train up earlier so that I would arrive first in case there were any problems. I convinced Bruce to take the train up with me. I also convinced him to go to the Bowie concert with me the night before — followed by Patti Smith at the Blue Hawaii Room — followed by Wayne County at the 82 Club (he always has to have the last word.) He had the last word that night, honey. Bowie was, to say the least, unprepared. Patti Smith was her usual wonderful self, but the Blue Hawaii Room was a disaster. (I've never cared for green sugar water which was their sole refreshment.) But, Wayne ... ah, Wayne was divine. I had also enticed Roseann down to see him, and even Richard Robinson who never ventures below 14th Street. Everyone loved him. His rendition of that great Sophie Tucker standard, "You Gotta Get Laid To Stay Healthy", was historic. (Wayne has slightly altered the words from Sophie's earlier version, but they both mean the same thing.) And we could learn a little from them, too. Oh, the years of heartache and uptightness that could be avoided if only the world would listen to Sophie and Wayne.

Needless to say, a night like this could last right into the morning and this one did. Bruce and I stumbled on the train the next morning for a breakfast of Bloody Marys, and stumbled off of it in Hartford near collapse. Bleary-eyed, we made our way to the hotel and whammo! — I was on the road again. You forget all about them till you're on the road and then you remember—the people you meet on the road the strangest characters in the world. Fate waits for a morning like this one when you can hardly stand up you're so tired and then she hits you with a winner. Standing before me at the desk was Miss Connecticut, 1966. Bleach-blond hair ratted to the ceiling, peacock blue eyelids, and frosty pink lips. After going through the necessary signing in with her, I went to my room and ordered coffee, hoping it would help. It was delivered by a gentleman who obviously patronized the same hairdresser as Miss Connecticut and tweezed his eyebrows thinner than Marlene Dietrich. Oh, no. I turned over and went to sleep to the comforting sounds of "Jackpot" on the TV.

By the time I awoke, everyone had arrived. The hotel, never very organized, was in total confusion. Jason, the acrobat, had brought his dog, Numa, who wasn't too bright and couldn't tell the plastic plants in the hotel lobby from the real ones in the park across the street and so used the ones in the lobby for his potty. Rooms were being switched. Calls were being made and disconnected. And I decided to go back to bed.

It was only a few days until opening and they flew by like mad. That Saturday we had a street dance in the local hip section (one block long) and it was terrific.

(continued on page 61)



had three mustard yellow phones installed and they rang constantly. Time flew. I went down to rehearsals nearly everyday to see what was up, usually taking with me a reporter or two who stared in disbelief at the drawings of the proposed costumes and props while I assured them that all this would indeed come to pass. Actually, I was staring in disbelief myself. A 24 foot replica of the Statue of Liberty with the face of Lucille Ball and holding a banana instead of a torch? Nine-foot tall heads of Mick Jagger and David Cassidy that sprout vampire fangs? And as for the costume designs, they were totally incomprehensible to me. I couldn't imagine how much they would have to be changed to fit on real human bodies. (As it turns out, they weren't changed at all — they fit!)

Tom O'Horgan's method of direction is amazing and it sets the tone for the whole show. He NEVER loses his temper. As the cast jokes and cavorts, he patiently looks on, watching to see which of their pranks can be used constructively on the stage. He is not the master, he is simply the guide. It created a very free open relationship which has persisted among the cast even yet and has remarkably (and you know by now I don't bullshit) continued and resulted in a cast that hasn't had one major argument and doesn't have a single feud going. Impossible, but true.

BOWIE Changes Again?

By Joseph Rose





"Oh no," said David Bowie, "I haven't changed since the first. People take me very different ways, but I haven't changed."

He chuckled as he looked up at me and saw that I didn't wholly believe his words. "Honestly. Good old me." Here he had to laugh. "I guess clothes do change people's attitudes toward you ..."

It was a relaxed David Bowie that I found in his hotel suite when I was granted a rare audience with the red-haired rock phenomenon. He was recovering from a concert earlier in the evening, and for the first few minutes after I was ushered into his presence, he seemed oblivious to my presence. Finally, he sighed, turned to me and asked politely, "Yes?"

I started by reminding him of a long-ago interview, conducted when he was still a folk-type performer. At that time he had told me that one of his early songs, "All The Madmen," was about his brother, who was an inmate of an insane asylum, and he added that he thought this might be a family trait. "Do you still think so?" I asked.

He laughed heartily. "Yes," he finally said. "I wasn't really joking ... I don't think."

This led to a discussion of images and reality and how the Bowie I had seen on his last two concert tours of America was far different from the Bowie of several years ago. But he vehemently denied that there were any major ch-ch-changes. "I would say I haven't changed very much, except I've got a lot calmer, a lot happier. I'm very happy now."

One difference, though, I said, pressing on, in your attitude toward your songs. You told me before that as soon as you wrote a song, it was over for you and you even had trouble remembering what you had originally meant to say.

"Well, I think I've been able to work out a way to give myself the motivation to sing them on the stage," replied David. "Probably the motivation that I give them when I perform them now is totally different to the one I had when I wrote them. But it serves its purpose if you want to sing the songs which are quite a few years old now with some commitment."

"What about your new soul style?" I started to ask, but stopped short when an irritated expression crossed David's face. "Well, whatever you want to call it," I added.

"I'm not saying anything," said David with a laugh.

"But you sort of raised your eyebrows there," I said.

"Well, it's derivative from black music is what it is."

"Doing the old songs in this new style confuses the audience," I said. "So why are you doing it?"

"Because there's no point in me going on stage for no other reason than to give people what they've been told they want. I mean, if I wasn't enjoying myself to the fullest onstage, I just wouldn't tour."

"I mean, I've done that before. I've got to a point where I was so bored with what

was going down onstage that I stopped. And I was told it was a very bad business move. But I can't do that. If I'm not enjoying myself onstage, it's a horrible show.

"So I have to do a performance that pleases me immensely, and then I hope that the people will enjoy it that way." He sighed. "Yeah, I still take me risks. And this everybody was against this particular show."

David flew over to the United States on his first tour of folk clubs, but since then he hasn't set foot in a plane. Another phobia of his was that he would one day be assassinated onstage. I asked him if he had overcome this fear.

"Yes, totally. I think I felt that very strongly when I realized that Ziggy Stardust had become associated too strongly with me and it was getting to be too neo-Nazi."

Do you mean the fanatical following? I asked.

"It WAS fanatical. It was getting very fanatical. I went through my most depressed period then."

But wasn't that the way it was planned?

"No. It was never very easy for me to explain that what I was doing onstage was theater and I adopted characters and I was an actor, and Ziggy was a character I created and that's what I was portraying. So now one of the reasons I'm doing this tour without the scenery and costumes is to show who David Bowie is. And then I'll go back to writing my characters, quasi-musicals, and taking my parts on again. But at least they'll have seen David Bowie, and they won't confuse me with Ziggy and the other people."

I told David that I thought his album of very early songs, called "Images 1966-1967" was a neglected masterpiece. While the songs sounded like Broadway show tunes, they were quite weird and unusual when you listened to the lyrics. Where did they come from? I asked.

"They were really just telling stories, being a storyteller. Very English type, minstrelsy, got-electric-and-cut-his-hair-funny. Just telling stories."

But they had all these strange twists, I persisted.

"A good storyteller, huh?" said David, sounding pleased, and he laughed loudly.

"You mean to tell me they weren't satires or anything like that?" I asked incredulously.

"Oh heavens no. I was never into anything like that. I was never ... I'm not a satirist. I'm not a cynical person at all. I really am very soft, a romanticist most of the time, quite emotional. I'm not hard at all."

I didn't let go: "But sometimes there's a catchy little ditty with horrifying lyrics."

"Yeah. Well, that's what I found was one of the strengths of storytelling — that you could work on as many levels as you felt were necessary."

"It seemed that you were experimenting with different styles way back then

Many faces of Bowie — circa 1969-1974



already," I said.

"Oh, of course all that was going on as well. That was a very tentative style."

"From that mainstream pop, you went

to folk-style arrangements, then rock and now soul," I said.

"Where will it all end?" interrupted David with a laugh.



in. So we really have to cater to the audience a bit. Therefore - it looks like 10,000 and 20,000 capacity halls.

HP: I guess it's been a while since you've done things the size of Madison Square Garden. Would you really look forward to it?

Paul: Oh, I love it. The way I do it is sort of not be too nervous about the whole thing, just sort of do a gradual buildup and at the moment just do recording with the band. Work on that level for awhile, and then we'd play one or two smallish dates before the big ones - then do some big ones and by the time we'd get to America we'd be well warmed up after coming clear around the globe. So I would hope not to be nervous by then.

HP: Would you really be nervous?

Paul: I get nervous about all sorts of things.

HP: Really?

Paul: Really.

HP: What about the studio?

Paul: Not in the studio. But everyone gets nervous about upcoming gigs - especially on the first few nights.

HP: How busy have you been producing other people, like your brother - Mike McGear ..

Paul: That's the main thing I did this year.

HP: Why did you decide to have him record Roxy's "Sea Breezes"?

Paul: I liked the tune off their first lp which I've got, and I like Bryan Ferry - and being the producer of the lp I was just looking for stuff for Michael to do. I just thought it was a catchy tune, and Bryan was knocked out when we did it. Bryan

has good tracks, and it suits Mike ... it suits him ducky.

HP: Is there any other music in particular that interests you lately?

Paul: Yeah - two great lps for me especially are "Dark Side of the Moon" and "Tubular Bells", because I just think they're very different. And I love Stevie's (Wonder) stuff and I've got alot of America black 45's. I mean the records are black, but they're by black people as well.

HP: Like the new ones? The disco ones, or the old ones.

Paul: Both - you know - Don Covay and those people.

HP: Do you have any desire to do covers on those people?

Paul: Not really - I mean those guys do it so well that I wouldn't bother. If I was going to do that sort of thing I would write something soul-ly myself, and then do it. But no covers.

HP: How did your father's song come about, and did you play on it?

Paul: Well actually, it was just someone who looked a great deal like me.

HP: Oh.

Paul: Yes, so he was there and he was good, and beside him Chet Atkins was there. And he is THE Country Gentleman and I love him, he's a gas. And his friend Floyd Cramer was there who is also a gas, and three other guys. It was great, they're such natural musicians and they all just happened to be around Chet's house, or Chester - as he is known in Nashville. So we were all at his house and he was playing for us, and I said 'this is a

tune that my dad wrote' and he said, (*in excellent Nashville imitation* - Ed) 'You know Paul, you ought to do a record of that. I did a song of mah Daddy's once and we never made much money on it, but he was right proud.' How's that for a Chester Atkins imitation?

HP: Lovely, even better than Ray Davies'. Who worships him, by the way.

Paul: Yeah, he is the one, Chet is. So he just said why don't you do it for your dad. And I said sure, I'd love that, phoned my dad up and got chords and stuff and told him I was going to do it. And then Chet took us down to the studio and we recorded it. And the nice thing about it is that it's one of those things that we don't expect anything out of and it's just that it is a gas - because my dad wrote it.

HP: What's it called?

Paul: "Walking in the Park With Eloise".

HP: What's your father's name?

Paul: Jim.

HP: Same last name?

Paul: Yeah, last I heard anyway. So the other day in England it sold 25 copies and we all went hysterical. So - it's picking up folks and it's taking off ... and this one looks like You know, it's great, it's a laugh anyway - so 25 copies is a bonus.

HP: I have to ask you the inevitable question .. Did you see the British papers where George said that he didn't necessarily want to play with you again? What was your reaction?

Paul: Well, I can understand that. But basically you know, the real truth about any of this Beatles stuff is that we're just going to have to wait and see. I mean



none of us know and none of you know and that is what it is down to. Nobody knows what will happen on that scene. I wouldn't like the group to re-form and carry on as a group full time because it went full circle. Unlike George, I think it was a great band.

HP: Did he really say he thought it wasn't a great band?

Paul: He just said that he thought it wasn't all that great and I kind of know what he meant. He's playing with extra funky musicians now, and so on that pure musician level - probably technically and funk wise it could have been better. But there is plenty of stuff that I think he's overlooked, and I think we all did quite well - we were quite jolly.

HP: How do you think you would all sound together now? Better?

Paul: I wouldn't be surprised actually if we didn't sound much better. I think we might do some things together, I don't know. But it's funny you know, when a thing closes down, you've got to make a decision yourself whether you're going to sit around and think, oh what a drag;

which you do think - at least I did. Or you sit around and worry about what your new thing is going to be like, or you just get onto the new thing and think - well, bye-bye to the old thing. In that way you have to make certain moves and decisions. It's ridiculous for me to sit around and worry about something that had already gone up in smoke anyway. I mean I'm not callous about it, I liked the old days and the way things were, but it's purely a question of getting on with your thing - you know. I don't rule anything out, but it's the old story, I'm just waiting for the right time.

HP: Is there any reason why the other three have played together on certain albums and you haven't?

Paul: Well - they were all in America at the same time, and I wasn't, but I didn't happen to be invited. Ask them, don't ask me.

HP: How long did you spend in Nashville?

Paul: About a month. It was really relaxing, and I did a lot of writing. You know -

basically I'm doing the same thing I'm always doing, it probably sounds boring for an interview - I mean I'd like to be able to say "And tomorrow Lisa, this is going to happen, so watch out." But this is really a wait and see period.

HP: Well - you're writing and going into the studio, I wouldn't exactly call that lazy.

Paul: True.

Part II: Linda

HP: Tell me a bit about the book of your photographs that you're putting out?

Linda: Well, as you know I've been taking a lot of photographs for years, and I never had an agent - or really ever did anything with them. Then after I came to England we went away and we were nicked ...

HP: Nicked?

Linda: We were in Greece and someone got into the house and took a lot of my stuff. So if they're reading this, I'd really like them back folks ... Anyway, even when we got married I was taking a lot of pictures and not doing anything with them. I would just give them to people sometimes. I never really had a studio or wanted to be the next Richard Avedon. Then one day my friend Barney Wan - who used to be at London Vogue said that he was going to set them all up in a room with a projector, and then Danny Fields came over and we went through 10,000 of them. We cut them down to 5,000 - I got sick of it, and then Barney took them and narrowed them down to 300 and that's the state of it now.

HP: Do you think you have ten more books?

Linda: Well, Barney says at least three, but I don't know.

HP: Most rock photography books haven't been very good.

Linda: Well - I saw one or two that I thought were all right, but mostly when I see them I think, 'uh-oh, he didn't get it, he wasn't friends with him.'

HP: That's the point. You were there, and it really is history now.

Linda: You know, I only have about 8 pictures of the Beatles in there and I have about 1,000. But also - like with Jimi Hendrix, he used to come around and go through my pictures and any that he liked he would put in his little brief case, so most of my color stuff on him is gone. Plus, I always felt a bit funny ... first of all, these people were friends and second of all a lot of them are dead now. And I thought well hell, I'm not going to cash in on that. That was one of the reasons I never wanted to do a book.

HP: When is it going to come out?

Linda: In about six months. Mostly it will be photos and a bit of chat from me. Sort of like a magazine.

HP: As far as your involvement with the band is concerned, what instruments are you playing?

Linda: I'm mainly playing moog now. That and mellotron. I really find it exciting. I just started getting into sound and so I got a moog and at first I thought I





could barely work it, but now I've been doing it for a few years. Like on "Band On The Run" I play quite a few things. I'm just learning though.

HP: Do you feel that you still have to go through a peculiar reaction from people who don't consider you a "musician"?

Linda: Well, it's funny - like Stephen Stills came around the other day and at first he would say .. well, you know, he knew me before all of this ... but the more he came around, the more we would play. Even so - I think professional people, you know, musicians, still are a bit more critical than just ordinary people. But I love it, it's really like photography - you start off and you can't go beyond a certain point before you get better.

HP: Are you writing any songs?

Linda: Paul writes mainly all of them. I help a bit here and there, and I've written some of my own songs. You see, I'm where Paul was when he started except I don't have that natural talent. But it's growing. I mean people might wonder about me being a musician, but you know Bryan Ferry wasn't a musician either, but he fancied it. And he didn't marry Paul McCartney but he's getting on okay. To tell you the honest truth, it really doesn't phase me if people don't approve. It never really did because I've always had so much fun on the tours, and I think once we go on the road again it will be a laugh. A bloody good laugh.

HP: Do you really like all that? The hotels and stuff ..

Linda: That's not the fun of it, I mean the fun of being on the stage. And you know - this new band is so great that I know it's going to happen. As far as all that Beatles stuff, I could care less. I mean we are all friends and stuff, but whether it will be a reunion ever, I don't know. I don't think George wants it, and we might get so into Wings ...

HP: Did it take you a long time to get this lineup together?

Linda: Oh god yes. But I think that this time, once we get on the road - instead of doing just one big tour, we'll stay on the road. Because we all really like it, and have the most fun when we're playing and not under pressure. We've just done a video thing with the band that really was great. We shot stuff when we were in Nashville and then went to EMI. - we did "Junior's Farm" but we also did "Jet" and "Band On The Run" and "My Love" and "Maybe I'm Amazed" ..

HP: Is this all in color?

Linda: Yes, we did it over a four day period. It's really kind of experimental but we'll probably put out a bit. We're editing it now, it's really good. We have about forty hours altogether - but when we finish I think it will be about 55 minutes.

HP: Will you release it as a special in America, TV or something?

Linda: Well - maybe for something around midnight .. you know we really aren't that interested in a big time thing. Like in New York I think it's great if there's nothing happening around midnight and then all of a sudden there's a

great music show.

HP: Last time we spoke to you you mentioned something about doing a solo lp?

Linda: Well - I've done a few things, but when we were being sued by Paul's publishing company they said I was incapable of writing a tune.

HP: You know, aside from everything else, that's really incredibly offensive.

Linda: Believe me, that wasn't all that was offensive in those days. So anyway, we were in Scotland where we have a studio, and Paul said go write yourself a song. I wrote a little raeggae number, and now it's accepted - but then nobody really had



heard of raeggae. Then I wrote a B side for it, but it seemed too good for just a B-side .. so I figured I should do some more. But me not being very ambitious ..

HP: You're not?

Linda: Well no, not in a big sense. I just like having a good time. But I do have about four tracks, and I can't decide what to do with them.

HP: Are you singing alone on them?

Linda: Yes.

HP: Do you like the way you sound?

Linda: Yeah, it's all right. You know, I'm no Edith Piaf, but I have a good time. □



a few things about THE BEACH BOYS

By Scott Cohen

Did you know Brian Wilson never surfed. Actually, Dennis was the only Beach Boy who did. Not having surfed, however, did not keep Brian from writing such surfer anthems as "Surfin'," "Surfin' Safari," "Surfer Girl" and "Surfin' U.S.A."

Did you know Glen Campbell was once a Beach Boy? It's true. Glen did much of the session work on the early Beach Boy records, and although he never sang on any of the records, he did sing Brian's part after Brian flipped out in 1964 and became a non-performing Beach Boy.

In April, 1965 Glen left the band and Bruce Johnston, formerly half of Bruce and Terry, became a regular Beach Boy.

In 1961 three brothers, a cousin and a neighbor from Hawthorne, California got together and recorded "Surfin'," which became an instant local hit. Since

then, Brian, Dennis and Carl Wilson, cousin Mike Love and Alan Jardine, have come up with a catalogue of songs that captured the major trends and events in American culture over the past decade and a half from surfin', drag racin' and fun in the sun to high school graduation, student demonstrations and ecology. They have sold more records than any other American band.

Do you know what the Beach Boys were called before they were the Beach Boys? They were Kenny and the Kadets, Brian Wilson being Kenny.

Murry Wilson, the brothers' dad, was the Beach Boys' first manager.

The Beach Boys didn't have to surf to sing about surfing. The beach is a permanent fixture in the environment in Southern California, and so were surfboards. "It was just what was happening," explains Carl, who at fifteen

was the youngest Beach boy. "We knew about surfing just like we knew about other things, from friends and from hanging out at the beach." There were any number of beaches to go to, Muscle Beach and Dohini being the most popular among the boys.

Do you know how many grains of sand are on Dohini Beach? No you don't. Nobody does.

"There were the surfers and there were the other types, the hoods and the greasers," recalls Mike Love, the oldest of the Beach Boys. "We identified with the more athletic of the two."

Although not a surfer, Brian could have been a professional athlete had he not been a musician. He was the quarterback of the Hawthorne High football team, where he met Alan Jardine, who was also, on the team. Brian was also captain of the baseball team. Brian was a top





Beach Boys circa 1969

athlete and a certified musical genius despite the fact that he was deaf in one ear.

Brian was 19 when the Beach Boys recorded "Surfin'" for Candix Records. The only instruments on the recording were Carl's lead guitar, Alan's stand-up bass and Brian's drumming on the bottom of a plastic garbage can. In 1962 Candix folded, Dennis bought himself a real drum kit and the Beach Boys recorded their second single, "Surfin' Safari," for Capitol record, whom they remained with for the rest of the decade.

The words to the Beach Boys' third hit "Surfer Girl," were not found on a tablet in Hawthorne as Mike says they were in the introduction to the song on one of their albums. "That's something Brian and Mike made up," admits Carl. "Surfer Girl" was an actual person. Her real name was Judy and she lived around the corner from Brian. Brian went out with her in his senior year in high school and later, when he was a freshman in college, he wrote a song about her while driving around in his car.

"Help Me Rhonda" though, was a made-up name for another girl Brian had gone out with. He had to change the name to Rhonda or else a sticky situation would have become even more sticky.

The Beach Boys were just as popular among those who were landlocked and into cars instead of surfboards. The Beach Boys wrote almost as many songs about cars as they did about the beach, "Little Deuce Coup," "409," "Our Car Club" and "Shutdown" among their best known. The Beach Boys were very much into their cars and Mike, who once worked in a gas station though he told

people he was in the oil business, was an endless source for lyrics.

The Beach Boys, as the songs indicate, were cruisers. After school they cruised the soda fountains and at night, especially after a football game, cruised the A&W Stands. "The whole culture revolved around the A&W Stands. Their favorite stand was the one on Hawthorne Boulevard. That, and the Bob's Big Boy Drive-ins, were the inspiration for Brian and Mike's "Fun Fun Fun."

She's got her daddy's car and she cruises the hamburger stand and seems she forgot about the library like she told her old man ..

The Beach Boys have owned so many cars in their day that they can't remember them all. Today Carl drives a Bently, which is a long way from the jeep he used to get around in in the old days. Mike has owned everything from a 39 year old Rolls Royce to a new Jaguar XKE, with a MG, Volvo, Chrysler limousine, several Jaguars and motorcycles in between.

Just recently Brian suffered a motor cycle accident in the Bob Dylan tradition. Brian, who is sort of big like a bear, crashed his little Honda into a palm tree and spent the next few weeks in seclusion.

Brian has always been affectionately called crazy. He once built a tent in his bedroom and lived that way until the real possibility of suffocation forced him to take it down. Soon after he built a sandbox around his piano in his living room so he could play in his bare feet. And of course there were those nighttime business meetings he held in his swim-

ming pool.

Then there was the night Brian invited Alice Copper and Iggy Stooze over to hear his latest creation. Because it was late and Brian didn't want to awake his wife and kids, he shut the engine of the car off and coasted up to the garage. Then the three carefully tip-toed across the gravel, opened the basement door and quietly made their way into Brian's basement studio. Then Brian played his latest tape, full volume, shattering a window and waking the whole family.

The sun shone brightly upon the Beach Boys right up until May, 1966, when they released their 13th album, Pet Sounds. Up until then their music was an extension of Brian's favorite vocal group, the Four Freshmen, had the Four Freshmen gone to Disneyland. Up until then the Beach Boys were living in a Disney world. With the Pet Sounds album Brian introduced a full orchestra to Beach Boy music. "Sloop John B." was the closest any song on the album got to surfing. The Pet Sounds songs were much more personal than their previous songs, "Wouldn't It Be Nice," "God Only Knows," "That's Not Me," "I Wasn't Made For These Times" and "Caroline No" being the stand outs.

Despite the innovation of Pet Sounds, the fans weren't buying it. They couldn't dig a wall of orchestra sound coming at them just then. This was still a full year before the Beatle's Sgt. Pepper Album was released. Pet Sounds marked the end of the Beach Boys' good times period and the beginning of a serious introspective one.

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pagne

LONELY PEOPLE

(As recorded by America)

DAN PEEK

This is for all the lonely people
Thinkin' that life has passed them by
Don't give up until you drink from the
silver cup

And ride that highway in the sky.

This is for all the single people
Thinking that love has left them dry
Don't give up until you drink from the
silver cup

You never know until you try.

Well I'm on my way
Yes I'm back to stay
Guess I'm on my way back home.

This is for all the lonely people
Thinking that life has passed them by
Don't give up until you drink from the
silver cup

And never take you down
Never to give you up
Never know until you try.
And never take you down
Never to give you up
Never know until you try.

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DOCTOR'S ORDERS

(As recorded by Carol Douglas)

ROGER COOK
ROGER GREENAWAY
GEOFF STEPHENS

Hello?

'Hya honey

It's me I went to see the doctor today
'Cos ever since you've been gone
I've had a pain deep down inside
He said there's nothing really wrong
with me

I'm just missing my man so honey
please come on home as soon as you
can.

Doctor's orders say there's only one th-
ing for me
Nothing he can do 'cos only you can cure
me

Says in my condition love's the best
physician

He prescribed a potion full of warm
emotion ev'ry day

A lovin' spoonful to be taken
It's the only way to stop this empty
heart of mine from breakin'

Won't get better till you're back again
he told me

Doctor's orders need your loving arms to
hold me

Darling now I know there ain't no doubt
about it

I'm so hooked on your love I can't live
without it

You're away but please don't treat me
like a stranger

Doctor's orders say one kiss from you
and I am out of danger

Please say you understand how I feel
honey

I know you've got a lot of things on your
mind

Oh but I'm missing you so bad please oh
please come on home.

Doctor's orders say there's only one th-
ing for me

Nothing he can do 'cos only you can cure
me

Says in my condition love's the best
physician

He prescribed a potion full of warm
emotion

Won't get better till you're back again
He told me.

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GET DANCIN'

(As recorded by Disco Tex & The Sex-O-Lettes)

BOB CREWE
KENNY NOLAN

Doo, doo, doot, doo, doo, doot
Doo, doo, doo, doo, doo, doot
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Da, doot, dot, do, dot, dot, dey
Doot, dot, doot, dot, doo, dot, da
Get dancin'
Doot, dot, doot, dot, doo, dot, da
Get dancin'.

Here come D.J. Disco Tex
Truckin' with his Sex-O-Lettes
Get dancin'
Guaranteed to rock the boat
Machine gun rap 'n' locomote
Get dancin, dancin'
Get dancin', dancin, get dancin'.

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HAPPY PEOPLE

(As recorded by The Temptations)

JEFFREY BOWEN
DONALD BALDWIN
LIONEL RICHIE

Happy people are we
Happy people are we.

Throw away your lifelong pain and
follow yeah
I'll take you to a land of peace and a
new tomorrow
Brothers, sisters come and take my hand
I will take you to a better land
Sunshine people love is all you bring
Dawn of a new day and here's the song
we sing.

Happy people are we
Happy people are we.

Don't believe in this troubled world
We can get higher
Come on along and I'll take you there
People, my people, let's party and get
down
Life is for livin' now let's don't mess
around
Dance to the music throw your cares
away
It's a song of hope and better days.

Happy people are we
Happy people are we
Happy people are we.

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LADY

(As recorded by Styx)

DENNIS DeYOUNG

Lady when I'm with you I'm smiling
Give me all your love
Your hands build me up when I'm sin-
ning
Touch me and my Noodles all fade.

Lady from the moment I saw you stand-
ing all alone
You gave all the love that I needed
So shy like a child who had grown
You're my.

Lady of the morning
Love shines in your eyes
Sparkling, clear and lovely
You're my lady.

Lady turn me on when I'm lonely
Show me all your charms
Evenings when you lay down beside me
Take me gently into your arms
You're my.
(Repeat chorus)

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Music

CAN'T GET IT OUT OF MY HEAD

(As recorded by Electric Light Orchestra)

JEFF LYNNE

Midnight on the water
I saw the ocean's daughter
Walkin' on a waves chicane
Staring as she called my name.

And I can't get it out of my head
No I can't get it out of my head
Now my old world is gone for dead
Cos I can't get it out of my head.

Breakdown on the shore line
Can't move, it's an ebb tide
Morning don't go here tonight
Searching for her silver light.
(Repeat chorus)

Bank job in the city
Robin Hood and William Tell and
Ivanhoe and Lancelot they don't envy
me

Sitting till the sun goes down
In dreams the world keeps going round
and round.
(Repeat chorus)

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RHYME TYME PEOPLE

(As recorded by Kool & The Gang)

DENNIS THOMAS
PENNI SAUNDERS
KOOL & THE GANG

Strange places you've never been
before
No smiling faces to help along the way
Your mind seems to be an open door
What's it for?

Try to find a way to straighten up your
mind
Your lovely mother can always dig the
charge
Over how your whole life style has been
so rearranged.

'Round and 'round the changes you go
through
Which way you wanna go whoa
What you wanna know ah.

Strange traces of poppy in the air
Them rhyme tyme people you'll always
find them there
Your mind is all about a doubt
And you just can't work it out ah
You can't work it out
Just can't work it out wow.

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10022.

I'LL STILL LOVE YOU

(As recorded by Jim Weatherly)

JIM WEATHERLY

Run through life's meadows, through
it's green fields
Have yourself a hundred thrills
But when you're ready to come home
I'll still love you.

Go sing the song you've longed to sing
But while you're gone remember one
thing
When you're ready to come home
I'll still love you.

I was once somewhere along there
myself
So I know how it feels
To watch someone else doing the things
you want to do.

Run through the rain, run through the
sunshine
But once again just bear in mind
When you're ready to come home
I'll still love you.

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(SHE'S) SOME KIND OF WONDERFUL

(As recorded by Grand Funk Railroad)

JOHN ELLISON

I don't need whole lots of money
I don't need a big fine car
I got everything that I paid for
I got more than I can ask for
I don't have to run around
I don't have to stay out all night
'Cause I got a sweet, sweet lovin'
woman
She knows just how to treat me right
My baby she's all right
My baby she's clean out of sight
Don't you know she's some kind of
wonderful
Yes she is some kind of wonderful.

When she hold me in her arms
She sets my soul on fire
When my baby kisses me
My heart is filled with desire
She wraps her lovin' arms around me
Almost drives me out of my mind
I get funny little feeling inside me
Chills run up and down my spine
My baby she's all right
My baby she's clean out of sight
Don't you know she's some kind of
wonderful
Yes she is some kind of wonderful.

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READY

(As recorded by Cat Stevens)

CAT STEVENS

I love, I love, I'm ready to love yes
I love, I love, I'm ready to love yeah
I love, I love, I'm ready to, ready to,
ready to love
I love, I love, I'm ready to love yeah.
You keep me awake with your white
lily smile
Don't keep me watching your charms all
the while
'Cos as all the wisemen say
Grab it if it comes your way
I'm ready oh I love, I love I'm ready to
love yeah
Ready to love
I love, I love I'm ready to love yeah.

You make me feel things I've never felt
before
Help my baby eyes and open up the
door
You make me real to ev'ryone and ev'ry
day I, I thank the Lord that you came
along this way
It's no more an illusion that I can say
I love, I love, I'm ready to love yeah
I love, I love, I'm ready to love yes.

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I'M A WOMAN

(As recorded by Maria Muldaur)

JERRY LEIBER
MIKE STOLLER

I can wash out forty-four pairs of socks
and have them hangin' out on the line
I can starch and iron two dozen shirts
before you can count from one to nine
I can scoop up a great big dipper full of
lard from the drippin's can
Throw it in the skillet, go out and do my
shopping and be back before it melts in
the pan
'Cause I'm a woman
Double U O M A N
I'll say it again.

I can rub and scrub till this old house is
shinin' like a dime
Feed the baby, grease the car and
powder my face at the same time
Get all dressed up, go out and swing till
four a.m. and then
Lay down at five, jump up at six and
start all over again
'Cause I'm a woman
Double U O M A N
I'll say it again.

If you come to me sickly, you know I'm
gonna make you well
If you come to me hexed up, you know
I'm gonna break the spell
If you come to me hungry, you know I'm
gonna fill you full o' grits
If it's lovin' you're lackin', I'll kiss you
and give you the shiverin' fits
'Cause I'm a woman
Double U O M A N
I'll say it again.

I can stretch a greenback dollar bill from
here to kingdom come
I can play the numbers, pay my bills,
and still end up with some
I got a twenty dollar gold piece says
there ain't nothin' I can't do
I can make a dress out of a feed bag and
I can make a man out of you
'Cause I'm a woman
Double U O M A N
I'll say it again
'Cause I'm a woman
Double U O M A N
And that's all.

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YOUR BULLDOG DRINKS CHAMPAGNE

(As recorded by Jim Stafford)

J. STAFFORD
D. BELLAMY

There was a lady in a window
In the room across the way
From the hotel I was staying in
While on my holiday
I couldn't help but see everything
'Cause I was peeping I confess
Still after dinner every night
She had the strangest guest
She'd retire to her favorite chair
And sit there with a dog
Fill the crystal glasses
While the fire danced on the log
I watched them drink their bubbly brew
Until the fire grew dim
Then I stuck my head out the window
And said why not me instead of him.

Oh your bulldog drinks champagne
And I ain't one to complain
What a perfect waste of wine it seems
to be

So honey, tell ol' rover, that the big
dog's coming over
'Cause any woman that would get a
bulldog drunk
Would have to be good to me.

Fourteen days and fourteen nights, not
one word did I hear
Her with her silk and champagne over
to me in my shorts with a beer
She just left the curtains wide and I
knew she knew I could see
Her and that pug-nosed mut guzzling
wine and teasing me.

(Repeat chorus).

So I made a bolder move, I went over
and rang her bell
I heard growling from inside and I got
scared as hell
Then the bulldog staggered out the door
And he said, how do you do?
But the lady bit me on the leg
And I said r-rrouf, I love you too.

(Repeat chorus).

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DON'T CHA LOVE IT

(As recorded by The Miracles)

FREDDIE PERREN
CHRISTINE YARIAN

Like the honeycomb is made for honey
Like your empty pocket's made for money

I was made for you and you for me babe
Made to do what comes so naturally
Yea, yea, yea, yea.

What a together love
We fit just like a glove
Can you dig it baby?
Like fire on top of fire
We take each other higher and higher
Higher, higher

Baby don't cha love it, love it
Don't, don't cha love it?
Don't cha love it, love it
Don't, don't cha love it?
Don't cha love it, love it
Don't cha love it?
Don't cha love it, don't cha love it?
Don't cha aah.

I'm the beans and rice and you're the
gravy
Add a little spice and ain't it tasty
I'm your lovin' man and you're my lady
Don't cha love the way we do it baby?
Do it, do it, oh.

What a together love
We fit just like a glove
Can you dig it baby?
Like fire on top of fire
We take each other higher and higher
Higher, higher
Baby don't cha love it, love it
Don't cha love it?
Don't cha love it, love it?
Don't don't cha love it?
Don't cha love it, don't cha love it
Don't cha baby.

What a together love
We fit just like a glove
Can you dig it baby?
Yeah like fire on top of fire
We take each other higher and higher
Higher, higher
Baby, baby don't cha love it?
Baby, baby don't cha love it?

Love it, love it, don't, don't cha love it?
Don't cha love it, love it
Don't, don't cha love it?
Don't cha love it, love it
Don't, don't cha love it?
Don't cha, don't cha, don't cha baby
Don't cha love it, don't cha love it, don't
cha love.

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style: "Queen Anne"



style: "Duchess of Kent"

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☐ Coronation Initial _____
☐ Queen Anne Initial _____
☐ Duchess of Kent Initial _____

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LOOK IN MY EYES, PRETTY WOMAN

(As recorded by Tony Orlando &
Dawn)

DENNIS LAMBERT
BRIAN POTTER

Time is on my side tho' the world keeps
gettin' colder
'Cause I've got you, girl to ease my
troubled mind
I'm a diff'rent man when your head is
on my shoulder
I can find the answers in me that I never
tho't I'd find.

'Cause you look in my eyes pretty
woman

The world is a peaceful place
All I can see when there's you and
there's me is love upon your face
Stand by me, baby, and we'll find the
way before our day is done
Look in my eyes pretty woman and we'll
overcome.

You're my guiding star, you're my faith,
my hope, my power when I just can't
find a reason to believe
Touch my hand with love and you light
my darkest hour
I can feel the warm returning and my
pain about to leave.
(Repeat chorus)

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Music, Inc.

SWEET SURRENDER

(As recorded by John Denver)

JOHN DENVER

Lost and alone on some forgotten
highway
Traveled by many
Remembered by few
Lookin' for something
That I can believe in
Lookin' for something
That I'd like to do with my life
There's nothin' behind me
And nothin' that ties me
To something that might have been true
yesterday

Tomorrow is open
Right now seems to be more than
enough

Just be here today and I don't know
What the future is holdin' in store
I don't know where I'm goin'
I'm not sure where I've been
There's a spirit that guides me...
A light that shines for me
My life is worth the livin'
I don't need to see the end.

Sweet, sweet surrender, live
Live without care
Like a fish in the water
Like a bird in the air
Sweet, sweet surrender, live
Live without care
Like a fish in the water
Like a bird in the air
Sweet, sweet, sweet surrender.

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YOU'RE NO GOOD

(As recorded by Linda Ronstadt)

CLINT BALLARD, JR.

Feelin' better now that we're thru
Feelin' better 'cause I'm over you
I learned my lesson, it left a scar
But now I see how you really are.

You're no good, you're no good, you're
no good
Baby, you're no good
I'm gonna say it again
You're no good, you're no good, you're
no good
Baby, you're no good.

I broke a heart that's gentle and true
Well I broke a heart over someone like
you
I'll beg his forgiveness on bended knee
But I wouldn't blame him if he said to
me.

You're no good, you're no good, you're
no good
Baby, you're no good
I'm gonna say it again
You're no good, you're no good, you're
no good
Baby, you're no good.

I'm telling you now baby and I'm going
my way
Forget about you baby 'cause I'm leav-
ing this day
You're no good, you're no good, you're
no good
Baby, you're no good
I'm gonna say it again
You're no good, you're no good, you're
no good
Baby, you're no good.

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Co., Inc.

I AM LOVE (Part 1)

(As recorded by Jackson Five)

MEL LARSON
JERRY MARCELLINO
DON FENCETON
RODERICK H. RANCIFER

The eyes of love will watch you
As you go from day to day
The hands of love will catch you
When you fall along the way
My arms will hold and be with you
Your whole life through
'Cause I am love
I'm in love with you.

I find myself in wonder
Of why I've been misused
When love brings understand
How can it be confused
War and poverty wasn't meant to be
Hate is drivin' me away
But I am love
And I'd love to stay
Come back love oh come back
This is where you belong
Come back love oh come back
This is where you belong.

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A WOMAN'S STORY

(As recorded by Cher)

PHIL SPECTOR
NINO TEMPO
APRIL STEVENS

There are many who have layed with
me
Then got up and walked away from me
And played around with me like I was a
game

Every night was a one night fling
And when I'd given them everything
They never even asked me for my name.

Now I found real love
Make no mistake about it
Now that I feel love
I just can't live without it

So if you love me the way I love you
Why can't we spend our lives as one.

My reputation was all over town
As a woman who was passed around
And I knew every wrong way to go
I've seen every room with a bed inside it
And if it had to be tried I tried it
But from now on I say hell no.

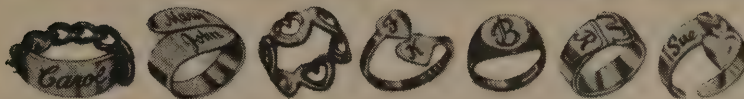
Now that I found love
I just can't live without it
Now that I feel love
Make no mistake about it

So if you love me the way I love you
Why can't we spend our lives as one.

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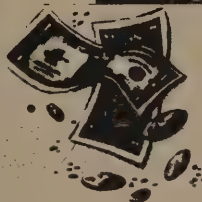
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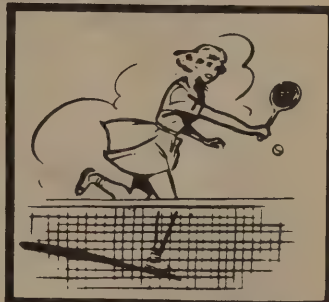
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Bill Benson, Jr.

I would be thrilled if I were to be a big winner in your contest! I have solved the entry puzzle. Please RUSH me full details of the Sports and Recreation Contest. I have enclosed 25¢ for postage and handling. I understand I am under no obligation whatsoever.

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OPPOSITE OF YES		O		
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OPPOSITE OF OUT		N		
4 PLUS 3=		E	V	E

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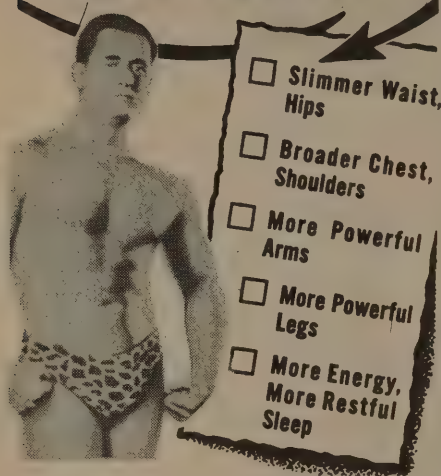
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In England send to: Atlas,
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CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 285 E

115 East 23rd St., New York, N. Y. 10010

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- ☐ More Weight, Solid
- ☐ More Powerful Arms
- ☐ More Powerful Legs
- ☐ Better Energy

Send me, absolutely FREE, a copy of your famous book showing how "Dynamic-Tension" can make me a new man. 32 pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital questions, and valuable advice. No obligation.

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#9 DREAM

(As recorded by John Lennon)

JOHN LENNON

So long ago, was it in a dream, was it just a dream?

I know, yes I know

It seemed so very real, it seemed so real to me

Took a walk down the street thru the heat whispered trees

I thought I could hear, hear, hear, hear somebody call out my name

As it started to rain

Two spirits dancing so strange.

Ah bow-a ka-wa pous-se, pous-se

Ah bow-a ka-wa pous-se, pous-se.

Dream, dream a way, magic in the air Was magic in the air

I believe, yes I believe, more I cannot say

What more can I say?

On a river of sound thru the mirror go round and round

I thought I could feel, feel, feel, feel music touching my soul

Something warm sudden cold

The spirit dance was unfolding.

Ah bow-a ka-wa pous-se, pous-se.

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DAY TRIPPER

(As recorded by Anne Murray)

JOHN LENNON

PAUL McCARTNEY

Got a good reason for taking the easy way out

Got a good reason for taking the easy way out now

He was a day tripper

One way ticket, yeh

It took me so long to find out

And I found out.

He's a big teaser he took me half the way there

He's a big teaser, he took me half the way there, now

He was a day tripper

One way ticket, yeh

It took me so long to find out

And I found out.

Tried to please him

He only played one night stands

Tried to please him

He only played one night stands, now

He was a day tripper

Sunday driver, yeh

It took me so long to find out

And I found out.

Day tripper, day tripper, yeh.

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DARK HORSE

(As recorded by George Harrison)

GEORGE HARRISON

You thought that you knew where I was and when

But it looks like you've been foolin' you again

You thought that you'd got me all steaked out

But baby looks like I've been breaking out.

I'm a dark horse

Running on a dark race course

I'm a blue moon

Since I stepped from out of the womb I've been a cool jerk

Looking for the source

I'm a dark horse.

You thought you had got me in your grip Baby looks like you was not so smart

And I became too slippery for you

But let me say that was nothing new.

I'm a dark horse

Running on a dark race course

I'm a blue moon

Since I picked up my first spoon

I've been a cool jerk

Looking for the source

I'm a dark horse.

I thought that you knew it all along Until you started getting me not right

Seems as if you heard a little late

But I warned you when

We both were at the starting gate.

I'm a dark horse

Running on a dark course

I'm a blue moon

Since I stepped from out of the womb

I've been a cool jerk

Cooking at the source

I'm a dark horse.

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THE ENTERTAINER

(As recorded by Billy Joel)

BILLY JOEL

I am the entertainer and I know just
where I stand
Another serenader and another long-
haired band

Today I am your champion, I may have
won your hearts

But I know the game, you'll forget my
name

And I won't be here in another year
If I don't stay on the charts.

I am the entertainer and I've had to pay
my price

The things I did not know at first
I learned by doing twice

But still they come to haunt me, still
they want their say

So I've learned to dance with a hand in
my pants

And I rub my neck and I write 'em a
check

And they go their merry way.

I am the entertainer, I bring to you my
songs

I'd like to spend a day or two but I can't
stay that long

I got to meet expenses, I got to stay in
line

Got to get those fees to the agencies
And I'd love to stay but there's bills to
pay

So I just don't have the time.

I am the entertainer, I've come to do my
show

You've heard my latest record spin on
the radio

It took me years to write it, they were
the best years of my life

If you're gonna have a hit you gotta
make it fit

So they cut it down to 3:05.

I am the entertainer, the idol of my age
I make all kinds of money when I go on
the stage

You see me in the papers, I've been in
the magazines

But if I go cold, I won't get sold
I get put in the back in the discount rack
Like another can of beans.

I am the entertainer and I know just
where I stand

Another serenader and another long-
haired band

Today I am your champion, I may have
won your hearts

But I know the game, you'll forget my
name

I won't be here in another year
If I don't stay on the charts.

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Sal & the Holmes Gang play the Golden Oldies

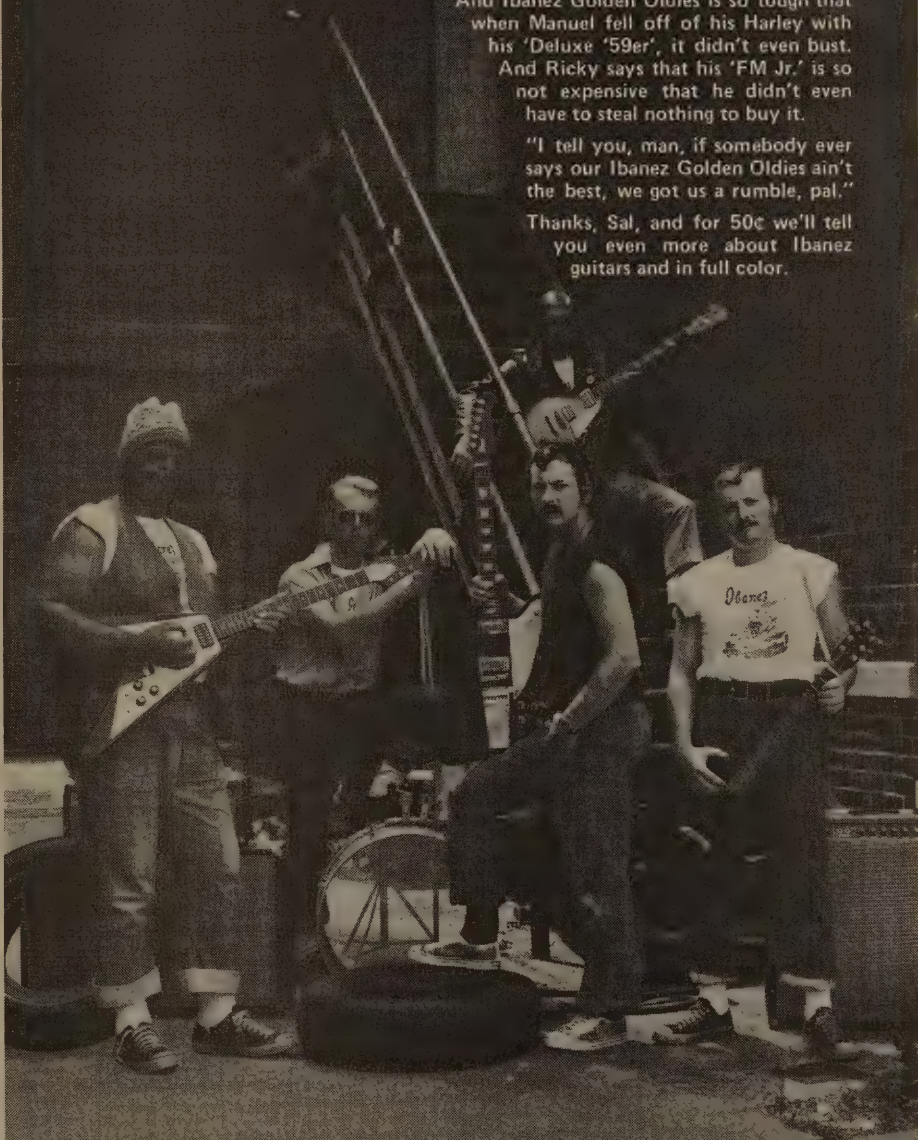
That's Ibanez Golden Oldies guitars, of course. So we'll let Sal tell you all about them.

"These Ibanez Golden Oldies is the best guitars what we ever have played. They got a way out sound and the chicks flip over the cool way that they look. Like, Lamont's 'Rocket Roll' and my 'Firebrand' when we play behind our heads and do the stroll at the same time.

"And Ibanez Golden Oldies is so tough that when Manuel fell off of his Harley with his 'Deluxe '59er', it didn't even bust. And Ricky says that his 'FM Jr.' is so not expensive that he didn't even have to steal nothing to buy it.

"I tell you, man, if somebody ever says our Ibanez Golden Oldies ain't the best, we got us a rumble, pal."

Thanks, Sal, and for 50¢ we'll tell you even more about Ibanez guitars and in full color.



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BLACK WATER

(As recorded by The Doobie Brothers)

PATRICK SIMMONS

Well I built me a raft and she's ready for floatin'
Ol' Mississippi she's callin' my name
Catfish are jumpin' that paddle wheel thumpin'
Black water keeps rollin' on past just the same.

Old black water keep on rollin'
Mississippi moon won't you keep on shinin' on me

Old black water keep on rollin'
Mississippi moon won't you keep on shinin' on me

Yeah keep on shinin' your light
Gonna make everything pretty mama gonna make everything all right
And I ain't got no worries
'Cause I ain't in no hurry at all
Mm hmm.

Well if it rains I don't care
Don't make no difference to me
Just take that street car that's going up-town
I'd like to hear some funky Dixieland and honky tonk
And I'll be buying everybody drinks all aroun'.

I'd like to hear some funky Dixieland pretty mama come and take me by the hand (by the hand) (hand)
Take me by the hand pretty mama
Come and dance with your daddy all night long.

I want to honky tonk honky tonk honky tonk
With you all night long.

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NIGHTINGALE

(As recorded by Carole King)

DAVID PALMER
CAROLE KING

Like some night bird homeward wingin'
He seeks the sheltered nest
Like the sailor's lost horizon, he needs some place to rest
The songs that he's been singin' no longer make much sense
And those stranger's cold perceptions, they've killed his confidence
Nightingale, she sails away upon a sea of song
Nightingale, she serenades his lonely, lonely life along
When his tired voice is broken, his golden hope is gone
She makes a lost soul's simple longing somehow not so wrong
Nightingale, nightingale.

He was strong, but he was taken
By the thought of his success; those spotlights shadows
How they lured him and took him like all the rest
But that old dream don't look good now
No it don't seem quite the same
He needs to hear a tender word, won't you sing him home again
Nightingale, she sails away upon a sea of song
Nightingale, she serenades his lonely, lonely life along
When his strength is slowly goin', his pride is all but gone
She makes a foolish dreamer listen to one last song
Nightingale ooh sing sweet nightingale
Oh, na na na na
Nightingale ooh sing sweet nightingale.

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BIG YELLOW TAXI

(As recorded by Joni Mitchell)

JONI MITCHELL

They paved paradise and put up a parking lot
With a pink hotel, a boutique and a swinging hot spot
Don't it always seem to go
That you don't know what you've got till it's gone?
They paved paradise and put up a parking lot
(Woo pa pa pa pa Woo pa pa pa pa).

They took all the trees and put them in a tree museum
And they charged all the people a dollar and a half just to see 'em
Don't it always seem to go
That you don't know what you've got till it's gone?
They paved paradise and put up a parking lot.
(Woo pa pa pa pa pa, Woo pa pa pa pa pa).

Hey, farmer, farmer put away that D.D.T. now
Give me spots on my apples but leave the birds and the bees please
Don't it always seem to go
That you don't know what you've got till it's gone?
They paved paradise and put up a parking lot
(Woo pa pa pa pa pa woo pa pa pa pa pa).

Late last night I heard the screen door slam
And a big yellow taxi took away my old man
Don't it always seem to go
That you don't know what you've got till it's gone?
They paved paradise and put up a parking lot
(Woo pa pa pa pa Woo pa pa pa pa pa).

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I BELONG TO YOU

(As recorded by Love Unlimited)

BARRY WHITE

I belong to you
For as long as you want me to.

In love with you I'll always be
Forever true til you set me free
Please don't you worry about all the guys around
They can't sweet talk me
They can't put you down
Ain't nothin' they can say my darlin' ain't no way

All that I want I've got
All I can think of is only you now.

There's no love like what we've known
Everything is right we can't go wrong
Girls don't bother me no matter what they do
Any fool can see baby I've got you.

I may not be the best (but)
I ain't seen no one yet
Love you the way I do
All I can think of is only you love.
(Repeat chorus)

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RECORDS

(continued from page 21)

sistently marvelous, while two better drummers than Gordon and Keltnar aren't to be found. Cream devotees will especially appreciate "Timeslip," a trio jam that more than measures up to Jack's earlier group in their heyday. But *Out of The Storm* is much more than a summation of what Jack Bruce does best. Some intriguing new musical ground is covered here, with the potential to make Jack Bruce's audience larger than ever before.

Though he isn't British by birth, Todd Rundgren is famous for his dab hand at the kind of flash and trend-setting timeliness characteristic of the best Anglo-rock. Todd and his new group Utopia are setting new standards for improvisational energy levels enhanced by an arsenal of fascinating electronic gadgetry. Side one of the group's first album together has one of the best live tracks ever recorded, the inspiring "Utopia" theme. The facile keyboards of Ralph Shuckett and Moogy Klingman set up shifting textures against which Todd's fast fluent guitar lines glisten. The stamina of bassist John Siegler and drummer Kevin Ellman is as-



Bob Gruen

tounding, and the overall form of the piece includes moments of introspective electronic music, straightforward hard rock, and funky r&b.

"Freedom Fighters" has even the best of the Nazz beat by a light year, and "Freak Parade" is moody and impressionistic, a musical resolution of the alienation we all feel at times. "The Ikon" takes up all of side two, and is the album's piece de resistance. Todd's fantasy about a Utopian artistic olympics is a concept the band's performance brings all that much closer to reality as they cover just about every style of electric music known to man in the course of a half-hour. There are no sweet, sentimental ballads on this Utopia album, but lyrically and musically Todd Rundgren is still preoccupied with ideas and ideals we can all relate to.

So five English and one American band are helping to make the seventies a new era for rock and roll. What was once exclusively teenage music now has room for violence and spiritualism, comedy and madness, taking inspiration from Broadway and cabaret, as well as its own past. Treat yourself to at least one of these exclusions into our musical future soon. □

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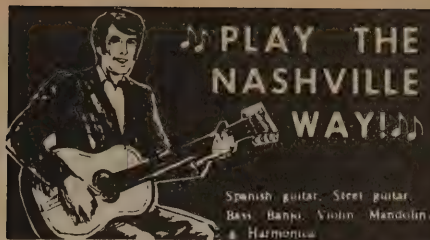
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PLEASE MR. POSTMAN

(As recorded by The Carpenters)

**WILLIAM GARRETT
GEORGIA DOBBINS
FREDDIE GORMAN
BRIAN BERT**

Oh yes wait a minute Mister Postman
Wait Mister Postman
Please Mister Postman look and see
Is there a letter in your bag for me
'Cause it's been a mighty long time
Since I heard from this boyfriend of mine.

There must be some word today from
my boyfriend so far away
Please Mister Postman look and see
Is there a letter, a letter for me
I've been standing here a waiting
Mister Postman so, so patiently
For just a card or just a letter
Saying he's returning home to me.
(Repeat chorus)

So many days you've passed me by
You saw the tear standing in my eye
You wouldn't stop to make me feel better
By leaving me a card or a letter.

Please Mister Postman look and see
Is there a letter oh yeah in your bag for me

You know it's been so long
Yes since I heard from this boyfriend of mine
You better wait a minute, wait a minute

Oh you better wait a minute
Please, please Mister Postman
Please check and see just one more time for me

You better wait a minute
Please, please Mister Postman
Deliver the letter the sooner the better.

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WHEN A CHILD IS BORN (SOLEADO)

(As recorded by Michael Holm)

**FRED JAY
ZACAR**

Ah ah ah ah
Ah ah ah ah ah
Ah ah ah ah
Ah ah ah ah ah
Ah ah ah ah ah
Ah ah ah ah ah
Ah ah ah ah ah
Ah ah ah ah ah.

A ray of hope flickers in the sky
A tiny star lights up way up high
All across the land dawns a brand new morn'

This comes to pass when a child is born.

A silent wish sails the seven seas
The winds of change whisper in the trees

And the walls of doubt crumble tossed and torn

This comes to pass when a child is born.

A rosy hew settles all around
You got the feel you're on solid ground
For a spell or two no one seems forlorn
This comes to pass when a child is born.

And all of this happens, because the world is waiting
Waiting for one child

Black-white-yellow, no one knows
But a child that will grow up and turns
tears to laughter, hate to love, war to peace and everyone to everyone's neighbour, and misery and suffering will be words to be forgotten forever.

It's all a dream and illusion now
It must come true sometime soon somehow

All across the land dawns a brand new morn'

This comes to pass when a child is born.

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GIVE THE LITTLE MAN A GREAT BIG HAND

(As recorded by William DeVaughn)

WILLIAM DEVAUGHN

Give the little man a great big hand
Give the little man a great big hand
He don't sit behind a great big office desk

In black shoes, two piece suit, white shirt, tie and fancy vest
Give the little man a great big hand.

Because the job that you're doin' requires some brainwork too
Whether sweepin' streets, moppin' floors or whatever you may do.
(Repeat chorus)

Because the job that you're doin' requires some brainwork too
Don't you let that office desk and the rest

Make you feel that you're any less.
(Repeat chorus)

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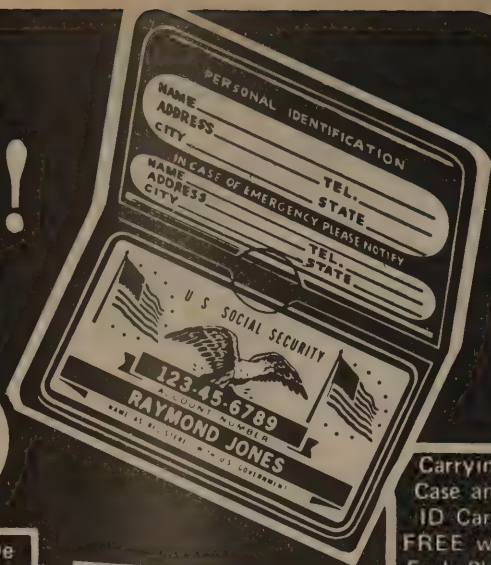
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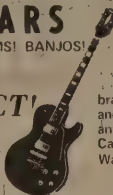
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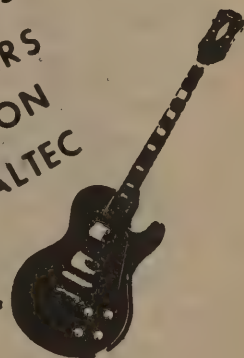


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DAN WALSH
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But when I needed a friend you never could be found
I got a hole where my heart used to be
I wouldn't treat a dog the way you treat me.

When times were good oh, your lovin' was the same
But when the going got rough you hardly knew my name
You locked me out and you threw away the key
I wouldn't treat a dog the way you treat me.

You got me cryin' for the love that I'm needin'
Beggin' like a dog for bone
And tho I spend all of my time pleadin'
You turn your back and you leave me.

One of these days Lord knows that it's true
Just when you need me the most I'll walk right out on you
Well, you'll say as you're beggin' down on your knees
I wouldn't treat a dog the way you treat me.

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AS LONG AS HE TAKES CARE OF HOME

(As recorded by Candi Staton)

PHILLIP MITCHELL

I don't care where he goes or if he's with you
Or what he does while he's gone or who's he doin' it to
I don't mind him havin' a little fun with ya honey
Because I know I'm the girl whose spending his money
Just let him go on girl right on
Just as long as he takes care of home.

I don't mind him gettin' a little lovin' from you
If I were a man I would get some too
I know my man giving some love away
But how much love do you think I can lose in one day
I don't feel like my man is doing me wrong
Just as long as he takes care of home.

He's my man this I know yeah
And I don't have to run in behind my man
Each and every where he goes
I know my man is foolin' around with other girls yeah
Understanding is the best thing in the world
You might think that you're pulling one over on me
You're just getting the bone I'm getting the meat
And I don't feel like my man is doing me wrong
Cause he sho nuff taking care of home.

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I AM I AM

(As recorded by Smokey Robinson)

WILLIAM ROBINSON

I am I am
One who will be with you
Ev'ry day all the way come what may
Yours tho' we may go through thick and thin and back again
I'm gonna hang right in.

I say I am, I am, I am, I am, I am
Oh baby I am, I am, I am, I am, I am.

You can bet your life I am.

One who'll be standing by prepared to take some heartache for your sake
Can you dig that, baby?
What kind of fool am I

One wise enough to take a little of your guff when the goin' gets rough
Can you get to that, mama?

I say I am, I am, I am, I am, I am
Oh baby I am, I am, I am, I am, I am
You can bet your life I am
And if the world don't like it
I don't give a damn.

One who will give you love
That like a fire will rage through Every stage of youth and age
Can you dig that, baby?
One of the lucky few who realize a dream
Though I may seem a little too extreme
Can you get to that, mama?
(Repeat chorus)

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GOOD NEWS FOR THOSE WHO BELIEVE!

HERE ARE OVER 100 READY-TO-USE MYSTIC CHANTS FOR MONEY, POWER AND LOVE!

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What are the Mystic words of this Chant? We cannot reveal them in this advertisement but you will clearly find them on page 53 of MIND COSMOLOGY, a remarkable guide with every type of Mystic Chant you'll ever need!

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world travel to your doorstep? How do they solve your money problems? To see for yourself, just fill out and mail the No Risk Coupon.

We'll Rush You A Copy Of This Amazing Book For Thirty Days Examination, At OUR Risk.

When you receive it, quickly open to the Mystic Chant the man used to attract \$150,000. You'll find it with all the words filled in! Or perhaps you desire a healthy, strong body with unlimited energy? See the Chant on page 64 for protecting yourself against germs and most forms of sickness.

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CHANTS UNITE HIS FAMILY. After years of misery, Lester M's wife left him and took their infant son. Lester turned to the Chant on page 28: "I n- b- t- m- o- p- h- p- m-". In a few days his wife and son returned, and swore that they would live a different life!

CHANTS LESSEN SICKNESS. Dora T. was nearly sixty and the doctors told her she had an incurable ailment. She used two Mystic Chants to overcome age and sickness. In less than a month, her symptoms decreased. See pages 31-33.

CHANTS BRING SUCCESS. A young girl slaved as a lowly clerk. To get out of this rut, she said: "I a- o- w- c- p- a- c- s- a- p-". Ten times a day. Lo and behold, she was given a position designing new fashions, making more money than she had ever dreamed possible! Would you like an exciting well-paying job? Use the complete set of Chants on page 51.

CHANTS FOR PAINS. A woman of 45 (see page 82) suffered from pains each month that were so severe she had to go to bed. A friend told her about this Mystic Chant: "I n- i- m- m- a- b- c- w- t- p- p- o- r- g- h-". And she showed immediate improvement. Take a few minutes and say the Chant on page 80.

CHANTS FOR HIDDEN TREASURE. An elderly woman had a small home on a plot of ground where she lived after her husband died. Once the insurance money was spent, she had no source of income and used a Mystic Chant to get money. That night, the figure of her husband appeared to her and told her to dig at a certain spot. She found \$15,000! You too can use the Chant on page 126.

CHANTS FOR OPERATIONS. A woman needed \$1,000 to help her mother get an operation. She kept repeating the Mystic Chant: "I w- t- s- o- o- t- d- s- i- c- p- t- s-". The next morning a famous surgeon assured her that he would operate for no charge. See on page 144 how the operation was performed!

CHANTS FOR LUCK. One man playing dice



Try this Chant for Riches (see page 53) without risking a penny. See details below.

at Las Vegas used a special Mystic Chant.

The first roll came up 11. He tried again, and they came up 11 again. The third roll was also successful, and as the man had let his dollar remain on the 11, his small investment brought him a small fortune! See how he did it on page 140.

These True Histories Describe Only a Small Fraction of The Mystic Chants. In Addition, There Are Chants for:

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BACHMAN TURNER OVERDRIVE

(continued from page 10)

back to the house and I kept playing it and playing it and I would walk all around picking out my lead guitar solo and when I went in Monday I laid down the guitar right away. Because I had figured that out, and then when I tried to do what I would call a straight vocal, I just couldn't do it. It didn't seem to fit. Everyone had heard this stuttering kind of thing all weekend, so we left it.

"Then, when I was mixing the album, some people from Mercury Records came down and I was almost embarrassed for them to hear that song. When I was mixing I was playing back, and it had all been sequenced and everything, and when it came time for that song I turned the board off. I knew they would eventually hear it and at the time I was a bit super saturated with all the material.

"Having written it one week, recording it the next week, mixing it the next week and finishing touches and all. Then when I got the album home, about two weeks later, and was playing the test pressing for everyone here in Vancouver, *Ain't Seen Nothing Yet* stood out. There was something about it that grabbed you right away. The rest of the album was strong, but the vocals on it were so novel and the

whole thing, it just stood out."

As a rock journalist I've discovered that every hit single has a story behind it, some more, some less exciting and bizarre than how *Ain't Seen Nothing Yet* almost didn't happen. I guess the point is that a rock and roll record just happens, that hit records just happen, as much as so many musicians and record executives spend years trying to come up with hit sounds. Randy may just be telling us that they don't know them until they've seen and heard them a couple times. That a record becomes a hit in spite of everything but what's in the grooves.

BTO have worked their way steadily to the top. They have hit albums and hit singles and, as Randy told me, "I feel we are almost at the status of, if you want to talk about Grand Funk, ..." He doesn't really want to come out and say it, but I will. In many ways Bachman-Turner Overdrive have passed Grand Funk, not that they're either anything but tops at the moment. I think back about my drive through Randy's homeland and see BTO and Grand Funk rolling along like two tractor trailer trucks steaming down the highway at eighty miles. They're muscle in their rock and roll and as with Grand Funk and *American Band* so with BTO and *Ain't Seen Nothing Yet* — real rock and roll. □

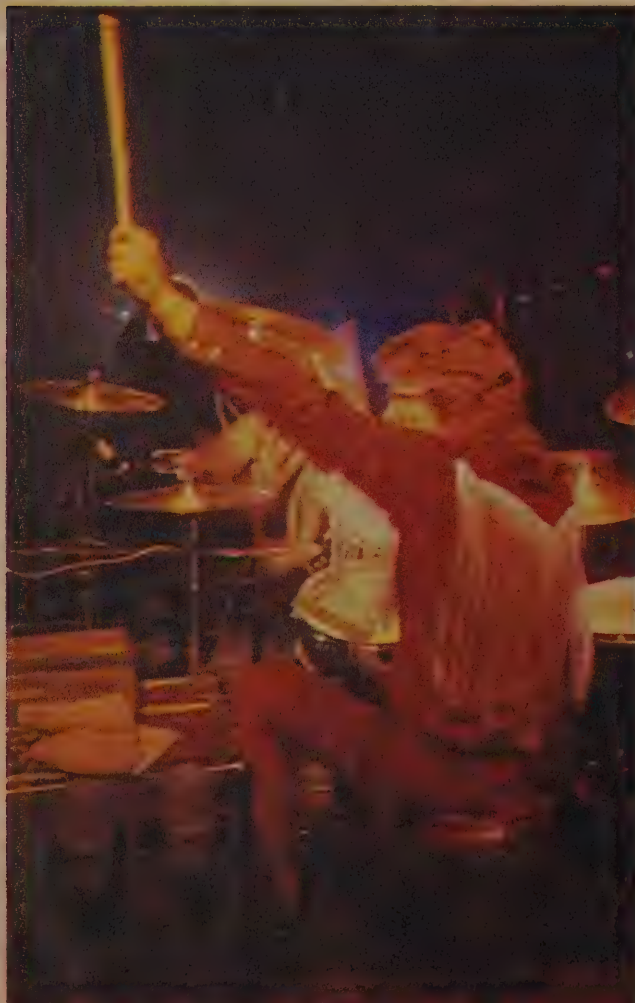
Randy's out home in Western Canada, off the road for a few weeks, just watching his record go to the top. "Is it gold yet," I

ask. "No, but almost" he replies.

"Do you have any nightmares that your gold record almost stopped in rehearsal?"

"Not really. I still feel funny when I hear it on the air, because, like I said all along, it wasn't really coming out at all. All the different stages — when it came time for the studio, I had almost lost my voice and couldn't hold a proper whole note or half note. Couldn't even hold anything for the length of a word so I started to do that bb-b-b-b-baby thing. Actually that reminded me of my brother who stutters like that and is not in the band. I grew up with him so I knew how to do that. He wouldn't and doesn't do it purposely, in fact, a lot of people made fun of him in high school, but I knew how to mimic how he talked, plus our manager, Bruce Allen, is very much of a Van Morrison fan and I did a little bit of phrasing like Van Morrison on that tune. I never really thought of the obvious — which people have said is *My Generation*, you know, the Who, because they did not stutter that much. Only in a few places.

"I feel that the song stands on its own. Anyway, we had gotten some tracks down and I was trying to do the lead guitar solo that opens the song, that is also in between the verses and in the middle. And I couldn't get the right feel in it. So I laid down the rhythm track on a cassette so I could take it home for the weekend and listen to it.



SGT. PEPPER

(continued from page 29)

Hundreds of people turned up and danced and carried on. We had a Sgt. Pepper lookalike contest judged by our own Sgt. Pepper, David Kelly. A motorcycle cop won.

Monday was opening night and as zero hour approached, our nerves were ready to snap. Finally we were in our last dress rehearsal. About an hour and a half before curtain time, dress rehearsal was nearing its end. Bruce Scott (Billy Shears) was scaling the 20 foot tower that he must climb at the end of the show. Suddenly, his body seemed as if it were suspended in mid-air over the stunned seven bearded ladies standing below. He came hurtling down and hit. No one moved. It couldn't be real. Surely, Bruce would get up shortly and joke and complain in his usual way. But, he didn't. He lay there, his ankle broken in two places. The star of the show — out, an hour before curtain time on opening night. (Real life drama, huh?) Of course, the first thought was to cancel the show, but we all know you can't do that. So, David Kelly, who had rehearsed in the roles of Lovely Rita and Sgt. Pepper for the last month was called upon to step into the role of Billy Shears on opening night. David's a game lad — he used to be maitre d' at Max's Kansas City which can make you ready for anything. Well, let me tell you. In true Ruby Keeler tradition, David went on. Fortunately, Billy Shears is thrown around a lot during the show anyway, so anytime he forgot where he was supposed to be, someone just grabbed him and threw him into the right spot. It came off fabulously. The audience rose to its feet at the end cheering. The show was a huge hit. The only difference from "42nd Street" was that we didn't have that scene where Bebe Daniels comes into Ruby Keeler's dressing room with her leg in a cast and says, "Now, go out there, kid, and be so great, you'll make me hate you." Bruce couldn't come to the dressing room, he was in surgery at the hospital all night. And that's what made the night so incredible. We didn't know whether to laugh or cry. I've never experienced such a roller coaster of emotions in my life, and I hope I never have occasion to, again. Almost enough to make me wish I were back at the beach eating taco chips.

Bruce Scott was all right — except for a broken leg and was taken back to his home in California to mend. He will probably be in the Broadway production of the show he quit in L.A., "The Rocky Horror Show." Meanwhile, everyone knew that David Kelly, although he had been grand, did not want to, nor could he, sustain the very taxing role of Billy Shears for an extended period of time. So, Ted Neeley, the star of the film of "Jesus Christ, Superstar," was asked to take over the part. He was called in L.A. late one night, arrived the next afternoon, saw the show three times, and stepped in. Granted, everyone already knows the words to all the songs, but still, his profes-

(continued on page 64)

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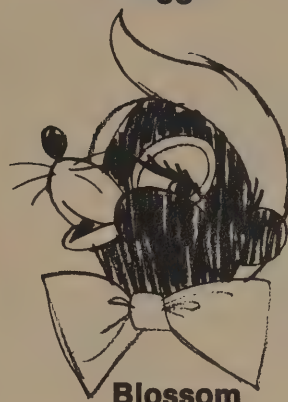
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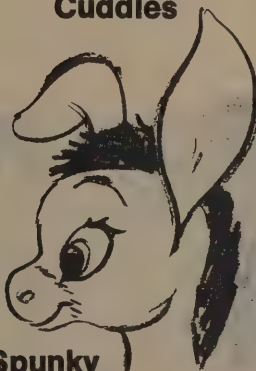
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BEACH BOYS

(continued from page 43)

Beach Boy fans were even more disappointed when the much talked-about, it-took-years-to-make Smiles (originally titled Dumb Angel) didn't come out and Smiley Smiles did. Smiley Smiles was not the Beach Boys' strongest album. If it weren't for the worth-the-price-of-the-record-alone masterpieces "Heroes and Villains," "Good Vibration" and "Vegetables," only the most faithful Beach Boys fan would have collected it. To make matters worse, Capitol forced Brian to include "Good Vibrations" on the album, a song, along with "Vegetables" and "Wind Chimes," that was intended for Smiles.

Did you know it took 96 studio hours to produce "Good Vibrations," the Beach Boys' only single to sell a million copies.

Smile was one of those albums which, no matter how ambitious the concept, just never got finished. Rumours are that the tape which represented fire on the "Elements" part of Smiles was destroyed by fire, but the Beach Boys say this wasn't true. Others say drugs were beginning to destroy Brian around this time, which may be true.

The Smile album was co-written with Van Dyke Parks, whom, if you've heard any of his lyrics, would impress you as a bit drugged out himself. Among the Beach Boys songs that were recorded,

Parks wrote "Heroes and Villains," "Vegetables," "Cabinessence," "Bicycle Ride" and possibly the greatest Beach Boys song ever, "Surf's Up." Though very imaginative, Parks' lyrics are very abstract. Perhaps too abstract for most Beach Boys fans. Both Smiley Smiles and Surf's up album sold horribly.

The Beach Boys were very worried. 20/20 and Sunflower, perhaps the most superb album of all, weren't being pushed by the record company. Capitol could be blamed for 20/20 and Warner Brothers for Sunflower. It wasn't until they returned from Holland (all except Jack Rieley, their former manager), that things began to pick up.

The Holland album marked a new period of popularity for the Beach Boys. The album also marked the addition of two new Beach Boys, Rickie Fataar and Blonie Chaplin (though neither are currently with them). Other personnel changes were added as well. Billy, Carl's brother-in-law, began touring with the group singing Brian's part and the manager of the group Chicago joined the tours as bassist. The Beach Boys became a bigger and happy family again.

Due to the popularity of Holland album and inter-company maneuvers, Capitol began to re-release old Beach Boys albums, starting with, appropriately, Pet Sounds. Over the past year new packages included 20/20, Wild Honey and, most recently, Friends and Smiley Smiles. Endless Summer, which

has all of your favorite songs on it, sold a million copies in the summer of 1974 and was the first Beach Boy album in thirteen years to turn gold.

In the thirteen years that the Beach Boys have been knocking us out with their dazzling vocals, some very basic changes have occurred. Today most of the Beach Boys wear beards. Some of the Beach Boys are now in their thirties. Mike Love is practically bald (which is why he always appears wearing a hat). Surfboards are made much larger now. All the Beach Boys have children. Carl Wilson was a draft resister and forced to serve in the alternate service. Nonetheless, Beach Boys concerts are packed with fourteen year old boys and girls who were too young at the time to listen to the songs that made the Beach Boys the Beach Boys. It's because their songs are so simple, direct and accessible, even corny, that the Beach Boys will always attract a strong following among the young.

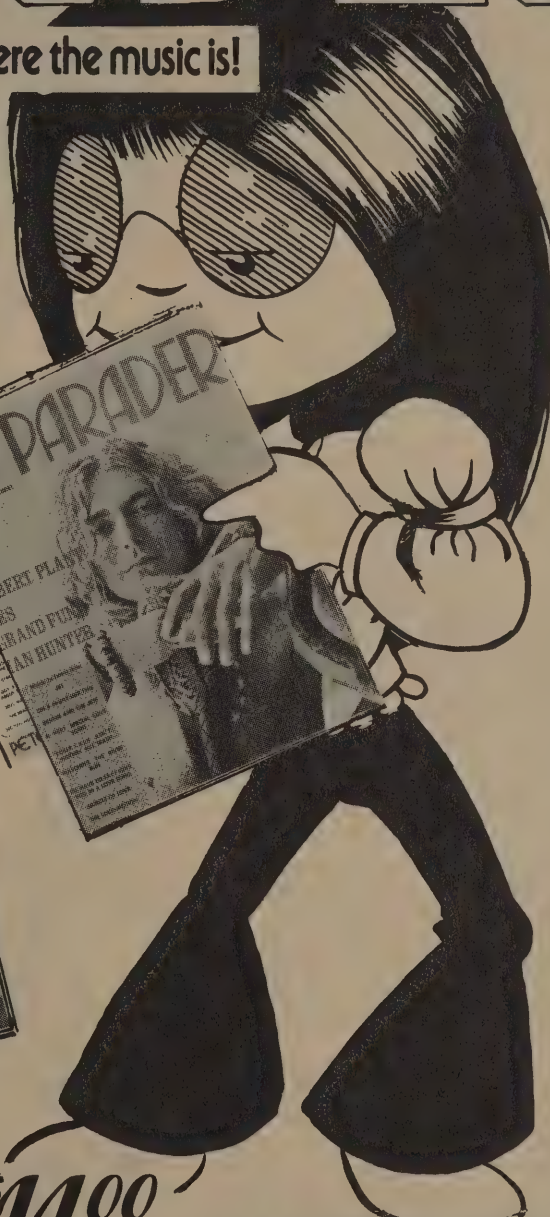
This being the thirteenth anniversary of the Beach Boys, we'd like to thank them for all the FUN FUN FUN and GOOD VIBRATIONS they've sent us down through the years. GOD ONLY KNOWS they've taught us NEVER TO LEARN NOT TO LOVE when THIS OLD WORLD had gotten us down. They've made ALL SUMMER LONG last FOREVER. By sending us to THE NEAREST FAR AWAY PLACE. So let's get back and DO IT AGAIN! □



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SGT. PEPPER

(continued from page 61)

sionalism was impressive. He fit in perfectly with the free-wheeling attitude and casual air everyone had adapted — and thus was completed the touring company of "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band On The Road." We set our sails for New York.

I guess this is a good time to tell you what sort of show this is. Although there is no dialogue, the songs are strung together so that they tell a story — and the story is this: Billy Shears, an innocent young guy, much like you or me, has embarked on that eternal quest for fame, fortune, and love in this dog-eat-dog, cat-eat-cat world. (In the music business, it tends to be rat-eat-rat.) Billy wants to be a pop star, he thinks, when all he really wants is somebody to love or, more important, love him. Maxwell's Silver Hammermen arrive on the scene to offer Billy fame and fortune, and even their interpretation of love. These three gents represent the business side of the music business — all the shyster lawyers, huckster agents, greedy managers and the like (no, not the three faces of Tony Defries). In efforts to get Billy to sign their obviously sinister contract they offer him sensual love in the person of Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds (Alaina Reed), kinky love through Lovely Rita (David Kelly), and finally true unselfish love with Strawberry Fields (Kay Cole). This last one wins him over and he signs their contract. He and Strawberry are dupes. Literally everyone else in the play is evil — all of them willing to work Billy's eventual inevitable ruin for the few years or even days of fun and fortune he can provide. This is not an uncommon situation in the business of rock and roll. Needless to say, Strawberry wises up and must be destroyed. They get her but not before she puts Billy wise to their game. In the end, with a flash of thunder the old Spirit of Rock and Roll himself, Sgt. Pepper arrives on the scene to set things straight. He brings Strawberry back to life and everyone joins him on stage for the grand finale number, "Get Back." No one's dead, no one's evil, no one's hurt — and that is as it should be since it's only Rock and Roll.

The various theatrical devices Tom O'Horgan uses to illustrate his story are many and varied — magic glasses through which Billy can see the Hammermen's promises take shape before him on the stage; giant puppets, dolls, and other oversize props that serve to dwarf Billy (Ted Neeley's not so big anyway); and Sgt. Pepper breaking through a silver statue of himself at the top of the bandstage and arriving on the scene like the old *deus ex machina* of Ancient Greek drama. Through it all, the music, never stops and neither does the fun. True, the theme could be a bit heavy, but not in this production. Somehow you know all along that Billy is in no real danger — how threatening can three guys be who are dressed in silver sequins? The



whole thing is kind of like a cartoon. The actors love doing it, too — who wouldn't? It's the ultimate game of dress-up and pretend.

So, with the whole show loaded into the fabulously ornate Beacon Theatre in New York, preparations for the Opening began. This was to prove to be the opening of the season and it was not without its headaches and backaches, believe me. Talk about your movie scripts, my dear — you wouldn't believe it if you saw it in a movie. Days, literally days, were spent laboring over the invitation list and seating chart. We had a huge chart of the whole theatre and on it we had to write the name of exactly who was going to sit in each seat. I tell you, that chart should be framed. Martha Mitchell sitting behind Alice Cooper and in front of Lady Divine? Lesley Gore in front of John Lennon? Ronnie Spector next to Clay Cole and in front of Ian Hunter. The Winters and the Jagers all in a row? Lana Turner? You gotta be kidding. I couldn't believe it. I was deciding where Lana Turner would sit? Too much for my nerves. Well, this went on for days. Finally, it was opening night and we all took some Excedrin, changed into our velvet suits, and headed for the Beacon.

Hysteria reigned! There were hundreds of fans being held back by police barricades while scores of limousines deposited their glittering passengers at the red carpeted entrance. Ruby Keeler, bless her heart, showed up. (We had invoked her name so many times in Hartford.) Andy Warhol. Bianca Jagger. Mary Travers. The Angels. The Winter brothers. Rick Derringer and his lovely wife, Liz. David Johansen and Cyndi Lauper. Yoko Ono. Wayne County. Peter Firth. Cherry Vanilla. Paul Morrissey. The Dovells. The Platters. Gary U.S. Bonds. LaBelle. The list could go on and on. Everyone showed but Lana Turner. (I'll meet her yet.)

It was like one of those wonderful nights in the Sixties that we used to have every night. Everyone was dressed to the

hilt, posing for photographers, — posing period! For one night, everyone pretended there wasn't a depression and we all still had money to squander. And when John Lennon arrived, it was Beatlemania all over again. The police barricades broke as the screaming fans rushed toward their idol. John's faithful companion, May Pang, was knocked to the ground as hundreds of fans crushed about John. No one, least of all the police, had planned on this. Fortunately, no one was hurt, and, after much pushing and shoving John was gotten into the theatre safely. Not that it did much good since half the seats for the opening had been sold to the public, thus spicing the audience with at least a thousand screaming Beatle fans who, when they saw John, all jumped from their seats and rushed wildly down the aisles toward him. Eventually, everyone was calmed and the show began.

I am told that it went very well, although I didn't see it that night. I spent the evening in the lobby in fits of nerves — dealing with late-comers and madly writing out the invitations to the opening night party. You see, for weeks we had all debated the question of an opening night party. How large should it be? Where? Indeed, should we have one at all? Well, all of a sudden it was opening night and lo and behold, we didn't have a party. We had hundreds of celebrities attending the opening night of a huge, extravagant musical, and we had no party. So, only a few hours before the show, hasty negotiations were carried out with Hippopotamus, an Upper East Side disco. Naturally, it was too late to send out invitations, and we couldn't just announce at the opening night where the party would be or half the city of New York would show up. So, there I was, maniacally scrawling names across xeroxed invites that were to surreptitiously passed out after the show. Very surreptitious! There I was after the show with a stack of about a hundred envelopes. Hey, what ya got there, Lee? Invitations to the party?

Announcing a party so late might be good strategy in some cases, thus giving the town gossips less time to spread the word where it is going to be and thereby cutting down on the number of crashers. Not so, my darlings, in this instance. People had been planning for this party for weeks. We may not have known we were having a party, but everyone else did. And nobody was going to keep them out of it. Well, I guess you know who was delegated to watch the door. Yours truly.

There I was. Crazy already from the opening night hysteria. All the names of the rich, powerful, and famous that we had been tossing about on our seating chart suddenly began to take on menacing form. These were all real people! And I was supposed to know who they were and let the good ones in and keep the bad ones out! I didn't know what Allan Carr looked like! I wouldn't have known John Reed if I fell over him! At this point, I wasn't even sure I'd recognize Robert

Stigwood. (I'd only seen him a few times.) I took my post bravely, feeling as doomed as Davy Crockett at the Alamo, but trying for all I was worth to seem as calm as Perle Mesta at an Inaugural Ball. As the guests arrived I screened each one politely and carefully. Someone who said he was John Reed was let in. Others, bearing no invitation but dropping a lot of names, were turned away with stories of overcrowded rooms and fire laws. The crowd outside on the street grew larger.

There were still no cast members inside — they had all gone home to change into fabulous gowns, of course. The crowd kept growing. The cast members' guests were arriving (they were already in fabulous gowns) with no cast members to vouch for them. What the hell, I let them in. Nobody would dress like that if they weren't legit. The crowd grew larger. Wayne and Cherry and Cyrinda and Lisa and Liz and a dozen other well-meaning friends kept dropping down to see when I would be free to come upstairs and join what they described as the most fabulous Rock and Roll party in years. The crowd outside grew. I became less polite. The hardcore party crashers were here now. Demanding entree. They hadn't sewed all those sequins on all that black velvet for nothing. Boy, did they have attitudes! Well, let me tell you, kids, when it comes to copping an attitude, I can hold my own. Perle Mesta had given way to Elsa Maxwell and she was fast becoming Tallulah Bankhead.

The stars began to arrive fashionably late. John Phillips and Genevieve Waite. Ronnie Spector. Neil Sedaka. They had trouble forcing their way through the crowd of rather adamant crashers. The street began to look like a run on a bank — or a lynching. The cast finally began to arrive. The word at the door was now: "If you aren't a cast member or Bianca Jagger, go away!" Nothing could discourage them. There was a party inside and one feisty bleach-blonde at the door wasn't going to keep them out. I was, needless to say, well aware that there was a party inside, and I was missing it, too. Why? Because I had to stay at the door and keep all these pushy assholes out. There also were at this point some people (health nuts) who wanted to leave the party so as to get home at a respectable hour. They couldn't get through the door, though, because of the impenetrable mob outside. Now I had a crowd on both sides of the door. As the cast arrived, they had to fight their way through the unruly

slobs who were determined to attend a party to which they were not invited. They refused to understand the meaning of "GO AWAY!" Well, my dear readers, I am not Tony Zanetta. I do not have a reputation for maiming and crippling those about me. But, I HAD HAD IT!!!!

There was, I might add, a small contingent of rough and tough bodyguards at the door — for all my efforts, I could not have checked the crowds alone. I stepped outside, past the guards, and closed the door of Hippopotamus behind me. I felt like a sheriff trying to protect his innocent prisoner from an angry lynch mob, but I sounded like a sailor on shore leave. I shall not try to put in print the language that ensued at this point because if I did, someone's father or mother or minister would inevitably open the magazine to this page and Mrs. Robinson would get a nasty letter. Suffice it to say, I was *not* polite. And if you think real hard what you would like least of all to eat in the world, that is what I told them to eat, sit in, sleep in, that they were full of, made of, smelled like, looked like, and ought to join down the nearest sewer. How was I to know that this would be the moment that Earl McGrath, a bigshot from Atlantic records, and Danny Goldberg would choose to arrive.

In the midst of my tirade I spotted the stunned Mr. McGrath on the perimeter of the crowd, and although I assured him then and there that he wasn't included in the general category to which everyone else had been summarily assigned, I am still not sure he believes me. I let him in shortly. (The scream-fest worked — everyone moved back a few paces, maybe because I was spitting as I screamed — and the people who wanted to leave could.) The crowd was not long discouraged, however, and many of them threatened to stick around till dawn, if only to break my neck. The wonderful guards at the door kept the angry mob at bay, thank goodness. I was mercifully relieved of my post shortly thereafter by Eileen Rothschild, who frequently troubleshoots for RSO. I guess she didn't want to see anyone murdered (probably me). When I told my story upstairs, Jason Roberts, who could probably uproot trees, and Tony Zanetta, who can scream loud enough to be heard in New Jersey, both offered to protect me when I left the party. It pays to have friends if you're going to lose your temper at inopportune times.

Once inside the party, it was like the difference between heaven and hell (if there is any). It was just crowded enough so there were people all around you, but not so crowded that you couldn't move or dance. Dance? Out there on the dance floor, there was Jaime Andrews, vice-president of MainMan, throwing *Hip Parader's* own Lisa Robinson over his shoulders in a great 50's style Lindy. Lisa's ribs hurt for days afterward.

At a corner table sat John Lennon, Ronnie Spector, Bianca Jagger (she finally arrived), Bill Oakes, Cindy Lang, Alice Cooper, Alaina Reed, and Robert Stigwood. The photographers were going



bananas. Wayne County was displaying his newly purchased, plastic breasts for Divine while Rick Derringer looked on in amazement. Ted Neeley had with him the one and only, Marcia McBroom, one of the stars of my absolute favorite movie, "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls." Ms. McBroom seemed skeptical as Wayne, Lisa, and I raved like groupies about how wonderful she was in the movie.

Unlike many parties that degenerate into drunken brawls and ugly scenes, this one continued to roll along pleasantly. One unpleasant scene did occur which is amusing enough, I think, to relate since the principals will no doubt turn out to be fast friends some day. Andy Warhol, it seems, wanted Wayne County and Bianca Jagger to meet. When he presented Wayne to Bianca, she took one look and stalked away. Andy was speechless (not an uncommon moment). Wayne looked after Bianca and coolly remarked, "Well, my mama always told me not to associate with those people. They don't know no better." (this is not necessarily indicative of Wayne, let me hasten to add, but it is a well deserved taste of her own medicine for La Grand Ms. Jaggerre.)

The party rolled on to who knows when. I reached the point of no return and had to leave long before it was over. (No one was waiting to slaughter me on the street.) I was told that John Lennon was one of the last to leave and had to be squeezed into Bob Gruen's Volkswagen with David and Cyrinda to get a ride home.

So, the next morning ... um, afternoon, I awoke to rave reviews (mostly) and a splitting headache. (Thank God for Excedrin.) So, the show is currently enjoying healthy attendance in New York — Bob Dylan and John Kennedy, Jr., have both been to see it. On January 7, we open in Philadelphia, thus beginning a massive nationwide tour. When we come near you, come see us. The hysteria hasn't ended yet, and I don't think it will. The show's too crazy — so's the cast ... and so am I. Why else would I keep going on the road again and again. You know how I complain about it. □



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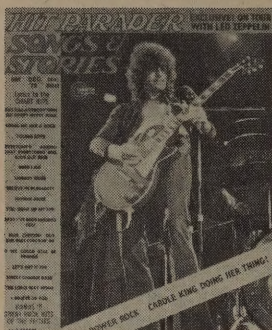
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NOV. 73

Grand Funk Railroad
Pink Floyd
Raspberries
Helen Reddy
Cory Wells

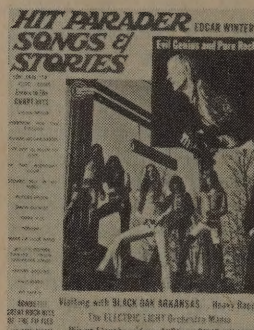
"Delta Dawn"
"Get Down"
"Give Me Love"
"Kodachrome"
"Yesterday Once More"



DEC. 73

Three Dog Night
Led Zeppelin
Wishbone Ash
Carole King
Trapeze

"Drift Away"
"Here I Am"
"Let's Get It On"
"We're An American Band"
"Love Me Like A Rock"
"Say, Has Anybody Seen My Sweet Gypsy Rose"



JAN. 74

Black Oak Arkansas
Doobie Brothers
Seals & Crofts
Edgar Winter
Sly Stone

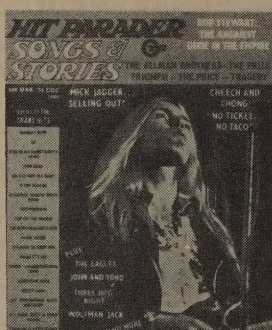
"China Grove"
"Half Breed"
"Get It Together"
"Higher Ground"
"I've Got So Much To Give"
"Billion Dollar Babies"



FEB. 74

Johnny Winter
Chicago
Jeff Beck
Jethro Tull
Leon Russell

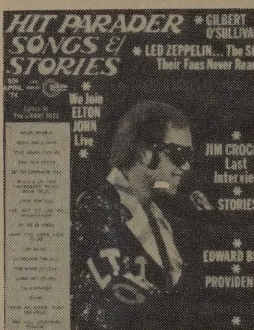
"Angie"
"All I Know"
"I Got A Name"
"Let Me In"
"Saturday Night's Alright For Fighting"
"Such A Night"



MAR. 74

Altman Brothers
Jim Croce
Three Dog Night
Mick Jagger
Rod Stewart

"Goodbye Yellow Brick Road"
"Hello It's Me"
"Photograph"
"We May Never Pass This Way Again"
"Knockin' On Heaven's Door"
"Top Of The World"



APRIL 74

Jim Croce
Led Zeppelin
Elton John
Alvin Lee
Stories

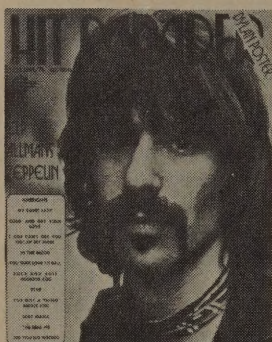
"Leave Me Alone"
"Living For The City"
"Helen Wheels"
"Time In A Bottle"
"Walk Like A Man"
"I've Got To Use My Imagination"



MAY. 74

The Beatles
Peter Townshend
The Stones
Black Oak Arkansas
Alice Cooper

"Doo Doo Doo Doo Doo (Heartbreaker)"
"Hangin' Around"
"Midnight Rider"
"Spiders And Snakes"
"I've Got To Use My Imagination"
"Jim Dandy"



JUN. 74

Emerson, Lake & Palmer
Paul McCartney
The Allman Brothers
Led Zeppelin
Rick Derringer

"Come And Get Your Love"
"Rock And Roll Hoachie Koo"
"You Sure Love To Ball"
"Star"
"Dark Lady"
"You're So Unique"



JULY 74

Grand Funk Railroad
Robert Plant
Yes
Ian Hunter
Alice Cooper

"Jet"
"I'll Have To Say I Love You In A Song"
"Bennie And The Jets"
"A Very Special Love Song"
"The Loco-Motion"
"You're The Best Thing That Ever Happened To Me"

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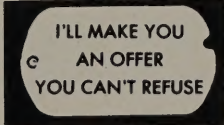
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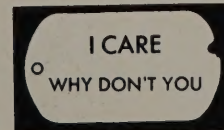
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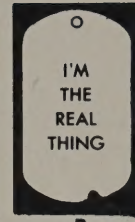
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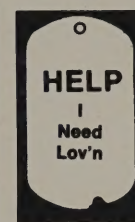
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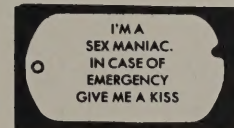
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